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PRESS

LOOK ABOUT YOU
1600

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1913

This reprint of *Look about You* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Dec. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

No entry of *Look about You* has been found in the Stationers' Register. It was printed for William Ferbrand in quarto, with the date 1600, and bore the devices of Edward Alde. The type is roman of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.). Copies are in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Dyce Collection, and in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The second of these is imperfect, wanting the last two sheets, and is somewhat mutilated besides. The present reprint is based on the Bodleian copy so far as it goes, supplemented from that in the British Museum, while the two other copies mentioned have also been consulted.

On the title-page is a statement to the effect that the piece had lately been performed by the Lord Admiral's company. In 1600 these men had been for some years in regular occupation of the Rose, Henslowe's playhouse on the Bankside. Unfortunately there is no entry in that manager's accounts of any play which can be identified with the present piece with sufficient plausibility to make it worth while discussing the matter here. It must however be mentioned that in June and July 1601 we find Henslowe making advances to one Anthony Wadeson, a poet who does not elsewhere appear in the Diary, in earnest of a play called 'The Honourable Life of the Humorous Earl of Gloucester with his Conquest of Portugal' (fols. 85, 87^v, 91^v). Since *Look about You* ends with Gloucester's announcement of his purpose of going to Portugal to drive out the Saracens, it is fairly obvious that Wadeson's play was intended as a sequel to the present piece. There is then some, though not very conclusive, ground for supposing that Anthony Wadeson may have been the author of *Look about You*.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, or which are liable to be mistaken for such, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation, nor does the appearance of a reading in this list necessarily imply that it is incorrect.

The printing of the present play is far from accurate. In a very large number of cases speeches end with a comma, and towards the end colons are frequent after speakers' names. These two irregularities have been disregarded in the following list. Only one instance of a variation between copies has been observed (l. 285).

82 <i>Old.</i>	716 faith
191 left	749 Vertuuos
214 an] possibly a n	752 Solicitie
216] no catchword	782 calling
282 Aud] really turned n	784 Porter,
285 <i>Ioh O] IohO Bodl. Dyce, Devon.:</i> <i>Ib O B.M.</i>	879 them
298 fitly] possibly fi tly	895 passe, Skink] comma doubtful
343 lands	897 and
369 to you	918 Exit.] period doubtful
414 wiu,	933 harsh] r doubtful, portion visible in Dyce
445 Faukenbridge	966 plague
472 fieldes,	972 number leffe
520 ty de,	997 Quee
531 Fau kenbridge,	1002 off,
567 antiquity	1014, 1027 Quee
578 Blo	1045 Gads
580 will	1054 heere:
585 excepts	1065 that] lacuna
595 ties	1117 ever
603 he minde.	1121 Pnfeuant.] really turned u 1128 Exeunt.
619 Ric	1181 heare,] first e doubtful
623 (you	1267 Betteriwis
628 Bls.	1278 Ski
630 base	1289 fuspitition,
712 La, how	1352 Io
713 fercrety.	1373 Gloste radieu.

1386 <i>Fau</i>	2344 as
1411 <i>Fau</i> ,	2356 <i>Rob</i> ,
1447 <i>BerLady</i> ,	2369 himselfe ;
1452 <i>Rch</i> .	2371 me. she
1472 Salutation.] possibly Salutation,	2402 <i>Exit</i>
1526 <i>Dra</i> ,	2432 it,] possibly it.
1548 <i>Withing</i>	2494 (friend
1549 <i>stickt</i> .] possibly <i>stickt</i> ,	2504 <i>twise</i>
1567 <i>Richard</i> .	2511 wondrours
1579] indented	2571 blindand
1581 <i>seeke</i> ,] possibly <i>see ke</i> ,	2579 sport
1586 out,	2582 wray
1589 <i>twy lights</i>	2587 hy
1608 <i>lyiug</i>	2593 aſpectacle,
1609-10 <i>pleaſſnre</i> ,] <i>really turned u</i>	2643 theeuish] possibly the euish
1659 <i>th'emasſe</i> ,	2669 <i>Ley</i> ,
1667 <i>Rch</i> .	2699 <i>La</i> ,
1697 fo	2719 tougue
1743 at	2725 admit] possibly a dmit
1758 Lordſhips	2758 He's
1771 c.w. it	Block Bl.
1792 ad	2790 g one
1812 <i>Red</i> ,	2793 <i>Princoſſe</i>
1844 <i>Exit</i>	2833 coronation,
1869 houour'd	2874 <i>Coronts</i> .
1989 he'll	2879 <i>Sbe a Coronet</i>
2026 them	2915 <i>Ley</i> ,
2028 apray.	2918 A gainſt
2035 <i>Fa</i> .	2930 William
2038 abots	2962 refoul'd,
2041 <i>Fau</i> ,	3002 furyes] possibly furyes
2107 <i>Glo</i>	3018 ex ecution
2125 font	3054 Soveraigne.
2129 the fiends] possibly thefiends	3072 it
2164 be thinke	3120 mad :
2175 your are'	3121 <i>Hen</i>
2200 in,	3195 ſcotrch
2216 inpoſed	3212 <i>Exeunt</i>
2241 eue n	Running-titles:
2284 made : ?	E 2 ^v A] <i>really turned V</i>
2312 methinkes] possibly me thinkes	E 3 ^v V
2314 prining	H 3 ^v Commodity,] possibly
2317 wowen	C om mody,
2318 giuen good] possibly giuengood	I 3 Looke] possibly Lo o ke
2324 <i>La</i>	

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

ROBIN HOOD, Earl of HUNTINGDON.	a Constable of the Watch.
his Servant.	BLOCK, servant to Fauconbridge.
SKINK.	Lady FAUCONBRIDGE, sister to Gloucester.
HENRY the Second, King of England.	the Porter of the Fleet.
HENRY }	Queen ELINOR, wife of King Henry.
RICHARD } his sons.	a Pursuivant.
JOHN	a Drawer.
ROBERT, Earl of GLOUCESTER.	a Sheriff.
Earl of LANCASTER.	HUMPHREY, servant to Fauconbridge.
Earl of CHESTER.	a Page of Lady Rawford's.
Earl of LEICESTER.	Music.
Sir RICHARD FAUCONBRIDGE.	the Wife of Prince Henry.
the Warden of the Fleet.	
REDCAP, son to the porter of the Fleet.	

Two Heralds, Watch, Sheriffs, Officers, Huntsmen, Senet, Isabel wife of Prince John.

The name Humphrey, by which the servingman in Sc. xi (ll. 1767-8) is addressed, is most likely that of the actor Humphrey Jeffes.

A
PLEASANT
COMMODIE,
CALLED
Locke about you.

As it was lately played by the right honourable
the Lord High Admiral his seruants



London,

Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be
solde at his shop at the signe of the Crowne
neere Guild-hall gate.

1600.



A pleasaunt Commoditye called Looke about you.

Enter Robert Hood a young Noble-man, a seruant to him,
with ryding wandes in theyr handes, as if they had beene new
lighted.

Robert.

Goe, walke the horses, wayte me on the hill,
This is the Hermits Cell, goe out of sight :
My busines with him must not be reueal'd,
To any mortall creature but himselfe.

Seru. He waite your honour in the crosse high-way. *Exit.*

Rob. Doe so : Hermit deuout and reuerend,
If droufie age keepe not thy stiffered ioyntes,
On thy varestfull bed, or if the houres
Of holy Orizons detayne thee not,
Come foorth.

Enter Skinke like an Hermit.

Skin. Good morrow son, good morrow, & God blesse thee
A brighter Gleame of true Nobility (Huntington,
Shines not in any youth more then in thee.
Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed,
Thou shalt win foes by feare, and friend by meede.

Rob. Father, I come not now to know my fate,
Important busines vrgeth Princely *Richard*, *Deliver letters.*
In these termes to salute thy reuerent age.
Read and be briefe, I know some cause of trust,
Made him imploy me for his messenger.

Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,

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Skin. A cause of trust indeed true honoured youth,
Princes had need in matters of import,

A pleafant Commodity,

To make nice choyſe faire Earle, if I not erre,
Thou art the Princes ward.

Ro. Father I am his ward, his Chamberlaine & bed-fellow. 30

Skin. Faire fall thee honourable *Robert Hood*,
Wend to Prince *Richard*, say though I am loath,
To vſe my ſkill in Coniuration :
Yet *Skinke* that poysoned red cheekt *Rosamond*,
Shall make appearaunce at the Parlament,
He ſhall be there by noone affuſe his Grace.

Rob. Good morrow Father, ſee you faile him not,
For though the villaine did a horrible deed,
Yet hath the young King *Richard*, and Earle *John*,
Sworne to defend him from his greateſt foes. 40

Skin. Gods benizon be with thee noble Earle.

Rob. Adew good father, holla there, my horſe ? *Exit.*

Skin. Vp, ſpur the kicking Iade, while I make ſpeeđe
To Coniure *Skinke* out of his Hermits weedē ;
Lye there religion, keep thy M. graue,
And on the faire truſt of these Princes word
To Court againe *Skinke* : but before I goe,
Let miſchiefe take aduife of villany,
Why to the Hermit letters ſhould be ſent,
To poaſt *Skinke* to the Court incontinent :
Is there no tricke in this ? ha let me fee ?
Or doe they know already I am he ?
If they doe ſo, faith weſtward then with *Skinke* :
But what an affe am I to be thus fond,
Heere lyes the Hermit whom I dying found
Some two monthes ſince, when I was howerly charg'd
With *Hugh* the Cryer and with Conſtables,
I ſaw him in the ready way to heauen,
I helpt him forward, t'was a holy deed ;
And there he lyes ſome fiſe foote in the ground, 50
Since when, and ſince, I kept me in his weedes.
O what a world of fooles haue fill'd my Cell ;
For Fortunes, run-awaies, ſtolne goods, loſt cattle,
Among the number, all the faction
That take the young Kings part againſt the olde ;

Come

called Looke about you.

Come to my selfe to harken for my selfe,
So did the aduerse party make enquire,
But eyther fall full of contrary desire:

The olde Kings part would kill me being stain'd,
The young Kings keep me from their violence.

70

So then thou needst not feare, goe boldly on,
Braue *Hall*, Prince *Dicke*, and my spruce hot spur *John*,
Heer's their safe conduct: O but for *Rosamond*!

A fig for *Rosamond*, to this hope Ile leane:
At a Queenes bidding I did kill a queane.

*Sound Trumpets, enter with a Harrald on the one side, Henry the sc. ii
second Crowned, after him Lancaster, Chester, Sir Richard
Faukenbridge: on the other part, K. Henry the Sonne crowned,
Herrald after him: after him Prince Rich. John, Leyster, being
set, enters fantastical Robert of Gloster in a gownegirt: walkes 80
up and downe.*

Old. K. Why doth not *Gloster* take his honoured seate?

Glo. In faith my Liege *Gloster* is in a land
Where neyther fuerty is to fit or stand.

I onely doe appeare as I am summoned,
And will awaite without till I am call'd.

Yon. K. Why heare you *Gloster*?

Glo. Henry I doe heare you.

Yon. K. And why not King?

Glo. What's he that fits so neere you?

90

Rich. King too.

Glo. Two Kings? ha, ha.

Ol. K. *Gloster* fit we charge thee.

Glo. I will obey your charge, I will fit downe,
But in this house, on no seate but the ground.

John. The seat's too good.

Glo. I know it brother *John*.

Jo. Thy brother? *Ol. K.* Silence there.

Yon. K. Passe to the billes Sir *Richard Faukenbridge*.

Fau. My Lieges both, olde *Faukenbridge* is proude
Of your right honour'd charge. He that worst may
Will straine his olde eyes, God send peace this day.

100

A pleafant Commodity

A bill for the releasement of the Queene prefer'd,
By *Henry* the young King, *Rich* the Prince, *John Earle*
Of Murton, *Bobmyn* Earle of Leister and the cōmons:

Old K. Did you preferre this byll?

All. We did.

Cheft. Lanc. Yee did not well.

Glo. Why this is good, now shall we haue the hell.

3. Bro. Chester and *Lanchaster* you wrong the King.

110

Cheft. Lan. Our King we doe not.

Yon. K. Doe not you see me crown'd?

Lanc. But whilst he liues we to none else are bound.

Ley. Is it not wrong thinke you, when all the world

Troubled with rumour of a captiue Queene,

Imprisoned by her husband in a Realme,

Where her owne sonne doth weare a Diademē?

Is like an head of people mutinous,

Still murmuring at the shame done her and vs?

Is't not more wrong when her mother zeale

120

Sounded through Europe, Affricke, Affia,

Tels in the hollow of newes-thirsting eares,

Queene *Elinor* liues in a dungion,

For pitty and affection to her sonne:

But when the true cause, Cliffords daughters death

Shall be exposed to stranger nations:

What vollumes will be writ, what lybels spred?

And in each lyne our state dishonoured.

Fauk. My Lord speakes to the purpose, mary it may bee so,
Pray God it prooue not so.

130

Ley. Heare me conclude, and there withall conclude,
It is an heynous and vnheard-of sinne:

Queene *Elinor* daughter to Kingly Fraunce,

King *Henries* wife and royll *Henries* mother,

Is kept close prisoner for an acte of Iustice,

Committed on an odious Concubine,

Kn. Thou wrongſt her *Leſter*.

Lei. Leachers euer praife the cause of their confusio[n], ſhe

Fau. She was ill ſpoken of it's true, true. (was vile

Gloft. Yonder ſits one would doe as much for you

140

Old

called Looke about you.

Olde foole, young *Richard* hath a gift I know it,
And on your wife my sister would bestow it.
Heer's a good world men hate adulterous sin,
Count it a gulfe, and yet they needs will in

Lei. What answere for the Queene?

Lan. The King replyes your words are foule flaunderous
John. His highnes fayes not so. (forgeryes.

Lan. His highnes doth,
Tels you its a shame for such wilde youth,
To smother any impiety,

150

With shew to chastice loose adulterie.

Say *Rosamond* was *Henries* Concubine,
Had neuer King a Concubine but he?

Did *Rosamond* begin the fires in Fraunce?

Made she the Northerne borders reeke with flames?

Vnpeopled she the townes of Picardy?

Left she the wiues of England husbands?

O no: she sinn'd I graunt, so doe we all,

She fell her selfe, desiring none should fall;

But *Elinor* whom you so much commend,

160

Hath been the bellowes of seditious fire,

Eyther through Iealous rage or mad desire;

Ist not a shame to thinke that she hath arm'd

Foure Sonnes right hands, against their fathers head,

And not the children of a low-priz'd wretch,

But one whom God on earth hath deified?

See where he sits with sorrow in his eyes,

Three of his Sonnes and hers tutor'd by her,

Smiles whilst he weeps, and with a proude disdaine,

Imbrace blith mirth, while his sad heart complaine.

170

Fau. Ha laugh they? nay by the rood that is not wel,
Now fie young Princes fie.

Hen. Peace doting foole.

John. Be silent asse.

Fau. With all my heart my Lords, my humble leauue my
Gods mother asse and foole for speaking truth, (Lords
Tis terrible, but fare yee well my Lords.

Rich. Nay stay good *Faukenbridge*, impute it rage,

That

A pleafant Commodity

That thus abuses your right reuerend age,
My brothers are too hot.

180

Fau. Too hot indeed, foole, asse, for speaking truth?
it's more than need.

Rich. Nay good Sir *Richard* at my kinde intreat
For all the loue I beare your noble house,
Let not your absence kindle further wrath,
Each fide's at counsell now fit downe I pray,
Ile quite it with the kindest loue I may.

Glo. I to his wife.

Fau. Prince *Richard* Ile sit downe,
But by the faith I owe fayre Englands Crowne,
Had you not been I would haue left the place,
My feruice merits not so much disgrace.

190

Ric. Good *Faukenbridge* I thanke thee. *Go to their places.*

Glo. And you'l thinke of him, if you can step into his bower
at Stepney.

Fau. Prince *Richard*'s very kinde, I know his kindenes,
He loues me, but he loues my Lady better,
No more, Ile watch him, Ile preuent his game,
Young Lad, it's ill to halt before the lame.

*They breake a funder. Papers this while being offred and 200
subscribed betweene eyther.*

Hen. Ile not subscribe to this indignity,
Ile not be call'd a King but be a King;
Allow me halfe the Realme, giue me the North,
The Prouinces that lye beyond the Seas,
Wales and the Isles that compasse in the mayne.

Glo. Nay giue him all and he will scant be pleaf'd.

Rich. Brother you aske too much.

John. To much, too little, hee shall haue that and more, I
I will haue Nottingham and Salisbury, (sweare he shall. 210
Stafford and Darby, and some other Earledome,
Or by S. *John* (whose blessed name I beare)
Ile make these places like a wildernes.
Ift not a plague, an horrible abuse,
A King, a King of England, should be Father
To foure such proper youths, as *Hall*, and *Dicke*,

called Looke about you.

My brother *Geffrey* and my proper selfe,
And yet not give his sonnes such maintenaunce,
As he consumes among his minions.

Rich. Be more respectiue *John.*

220

Io. Respectiue *Richard*, are you turn'd pure? a changing we-
I say it's reason *Henry* should be King, (ther-cocke?
Thou Prince, I Duke, as *Jeffry* is a Duke.

Lan. What shall your Father doe?

Io. Liue at his prayers, haue a sufficient pention by the yere,
Repent his sinnes because his end is neere.

Glo. A gratiouse sonne, a very gratiouse sonne.

Kin. Will this content you? I that haue sat still,
Amaz'd to see my sonnes deuoyde of shame;

230

To heare my subiects with rebellious tonges,
Wound the kinde bosome of their Soueraigne,
Can no more beare, but from a bleeding hart

Deliuer all my loue, for all your hate:

Will this content thee cruell *Elinor*?

Your sauage mother, my vnciuill Queene;
The Tygress that hath drunke the purple bloud,
Of three times twenty thousand valiant men;
Washing her red chaps, in the weeping teares,
Of widdows, virgins, nurses, sucking babes.

And lastly forted with her damn'd consorts,
Entred a labyrinth to murther loue.

240

Will this content you? she shall be releast,
That she may next feaze me she most enuyes.

Hen. Our mothers liberty is some content.

Kin. What else would *Henry* haue? *Hen.* The Kingdome.

Kin. Peruse this byll, draw neere let vs conferre.

Job. Hall be not answered but with Soueraignty,
For glorious is the fway of Maiesty.

Kin. What would content you *John*?

Job. Fiue Earledomes Sir. *Kin.* What you sonne *Richard*? 250

Ric. Pardon gratiouse father, & th'furtheraunce for my vow
For I haue sworne to God and all his Saints, (of penance
These armes erected in rebellious brawles,
Against my Father and my Soueraigne,

B

Shall

A pleafant Commodity,

Shall fight the battles of the Lord of hoafts,
In wrong'd Iudea and Palestina,
That shall be Richards pennance for his pride,
His bloud a satisfaction for his finne,
His patrimony, men, munition,
And meanes to waft them into Siria.

260

Kin. Thou shalt haue thy desire Heroyicke Sonne,
As foone as other home-bred brawles are done.

Lan. Why weepes olde Faukenbridge ?

Fau. I am almoft blind, to heare fons cruell, and the fathers
Now well a neere that ere I liu'd to fee, (kinde,
Such patience and fo much impiety.

Glo. Brother content thee this is but the first,
Worse is a brewing, and yet not the worft.

Lei. You shall not stand to this. *Hen.* And why my Lord ?

Ley. The lands of Moorton doth belong to Iohn.

270

Hen. What's that to me, by Acte of Parlament,
If they be mine confirm'd, he must be pleaf'd.

Ioh. Be pleaf'd King puppet ? haue I stood for thee,
Euen in the mouth of death ? open'd my armes
To fercke in feditious vgly shape ?
Shooke hands with duety, bad adew to vertue,
Prophan'd all Maiefty in heauen and earth ;
Writ in blacke Carracters on my white brow,
The name of rebell Iohn against his Father :
For thee, for thee, thou Otimie of honour,
Thou worme of Maiefty, thou froth, thou puble.
Aud must I now be pleaf'd in peafe to stand,
While statutes make thee owner of my land ?

280

Glo. Good pastime good, now will the theeuers fall out ?

Ioh O if I doe, let me be neuer held

Royall King Henryes sonne, pardon me father,
Pull downe this rebell that hath done thee wrong.
Dicke, come and leaue his fide, affayle him Lords,
Let's haue no parly but with billes and swoordes.

Ki. Peace Iohn, lay downe thy armes, heare Henry speake, 290
He mindes thee no fuch wrong.

Ioh. He were not best.

Hen. Why

called Looke about you.

Hen. Why hayre-brain'd brother can yee brooke no iest?
I doe confirme you Earle of Nottingham.

Io. And Moorton too? *Hen.* I and Moorton too.

Io. Why so, now once more Ile fit downe by you.

Glo. Blow wind, the youngest of King Henries stocke,
Would fitly serue to make a weather-cocke.

Io. Gape earth, challenge thine owne as Gloster lyes,
Pitty such mucke is couer'd with the skies.

Fau. Be quiet good my Lords, the Kings commaund
You should be quiet, and tis very meete,
It's most conuenient, how say you Prince Richard?

300

Rich. It is indeed.

Fa. Why that is wisely said, you are a very kinde indifferent
Mary a God and by my hollidame, (man,
Were not I had a feeling in my head,
Of some suspition twixt my wife and him,
I should affect him more then all the world.

Glo. Take heede olde Richard, keep thee there mad lad,
My Sister's faire, and beauty may turne bad.

310

Enter Robert Hood a paper in his hand.

Officer. Roome there, make roome for young Huntington.

Fau. A gallant youth, a proper Gentleman.

Hen. Richard I haue had wrong about his wardship.

Ric. You cannot right your selfe.

Io. He can and shall.

Ric. Not with your help, but honourable youth
Haue yee perform'd the busines I enioyn'd?

Rob. I haue, and Skinke is come, heere is his bill,

320

Hen. No matter for his bill let him come in.

Kin. Let him not enter, his infectious breath
Will poyson the assembly.

Glo. Neuer doubt, ther's more infectious breaths about your
Leyster is there, your eniuious Sonnes is there; (Throne,
If them you can endure, no poyson feare.

Kin. Content thee Gloster.

(patient,

Glo. I must be content, when you that should mend all are

Hen. Welcome good Skinke thou iustly dost complaine,
Thou standst in dread of death for Rosamond,

330

A pleasent Commodity,

Whom thou didst poyson at our dread commaund,
And the appointment of our gratiouse Mother ;
See heere my Fathers hand vnto thy pardon.

Skin. I receiue it gratiouly, wishing his soule sweet peace,
in heauen for so meritorious a worke, for I feare me I haue
not his heart though his hand.

Kin. Be sure thou haft not, murderous bloud-fucker,
To iealous enuy executioner.

Hen. Besides thou suest to haue some maintenaunce,
We haue bethought vs how wee will reward thee, 340
Thou shalt haue Rowden Lordship.

Gloft. Shal he so? will you reward your murtherers with my
Hen. Your lands? it is our gift and he shall haue it. (lands

Glo. Ile give him feasure firſt with this and this. *Strike him.*

John. Lay holde on *Gloſter.*

Kin. Holde that murtherous *Skinke.*

Glo. Villaines hands off, I am a Prince, a Peere,
And I haue borne disgrace while I can beare.

Fau. Knaues leaue your rudenes, how now brother
Gloſter? nay be appeaſ'd, be patient brother. 350

Rich. Shift for thy ſelfe good *Skinke*, ther's golde, away :
Heere will be parts.

Skin. Swonds Ile make one and ſtay.

John. I prethee be gone ſince thus it falleth out,
Take water, hence, away, thy life I doubt.

Ski. Well, farewell, get I once out of doore,
Skinke neuer will put truſt in warrants more. *Exit.*

Kin. Will *Gloſter* not be bridled?

Glo. Yes my Liege and ſaddled too, and ryd, and ſpur'd, &
Such misery (in your Raigne) falles your friends, (rayn'd, 360
Let goe my armes, you dunghyls let me ſpeake.

Kin. Wher's that knaue *Skinke*? I charge you ſee him ſtayd.

Fauk. The ſwift heel'd knaue is fled, body a me heer's rule,
Heer's worke indeed.

Kin. Follow that *Skinke*, let priuy ſearch be made,
Let not one paſſe except he be well knowne,
Let poaſtes be euery way ſent ſpeedily,
For ten miles compaſſe round about the Citty.

Hen. Take

called Looke about you.

Hen. Take *Gloster* to you Liefetenant of the Tower,
Keep him aside till we conferre a while,
Father you must subscribe to his committing.

370

Lan. Why muſt he *Henry*? (lawes.

Ley. Mary for this cause, he hath broke peace and violated
Glo. So haue you all done, rebels as you be.

Fau. Good words good brother, heare me gratiouſe Lords,

Hen. I prethee *Faukenbridge* be patient,
Gloſter muſt of force anſwre this contempt.

Kin. I will not yeeld he ſhall vnto the Tower,
Warden of th'Fleete take you the charge of *Gloſter*.

Hen. Why be it ſo, yet ſtay with him a while, 380
Till we take order for the company
That shall attend him, and reſort to him.

Glo. Warden of the Fleete I ſee I am your charge,
Befriend me thus, leaſt by theyr commaund,
I be preuented of what I intend.

Keep. Commaund me any feruice in my power.

Glo. I pray you call ſome nimble footed fellow,
To doe a meſſage for me to my ſister.

Keep. Call in *Redcap*, he waiteth with a Tipſtaffe, *Exit one*
He ſtammers, but he's ſwift and truſty Sir. *for him. 390*

Enter Redcap.

Glo. No matter for his ſtammering, is this he?

Red. I I am am Re Redcap ſ ſ fir.

Glo. Run Redcap to Stepney.

Red. Ile be at Stepney p p preſently.

Glo. Nay ſtay, goe to the Lady *Faukenbridge* my ſister.

Red. The La La Lady *Fau Fau Faukenbreech*, I r r run fir.

Glo. But take thy errand, tell her I am priſoner,
Committed to the Fleete.

Red. I am g g glad of th th that, my fa fa father the p p por- 400
ter ſha ſhall ge ge get a f f fee by you. *Still runnes.*

Glo. Stand ſtill a while, deſire her to make meaneſes
Vnto Prince Richard for my liberty,
At thy returne (make ſpeed) I will reward thee.

Red. I am g g gone ſi fir.

Rich. Command me to her gentle Huntington,

A pleasent Commodity

Tell her in these affayres Ile stand her friend,
Her brother shall not long be prisoner :
Say I will visit her immediatlie.

Be gone sweete boy to Marian Faukenbridge,
Thou lookest like loue perswade her to be louing.

410

Ro. So farre as honour will I will perswade,
Ile lay loues battery to her modest eares,
Second my milde assault, you may chaunce wiu,
Fare parley at the leaft, may hap passe in. *Exit.*

Hen. Heere take your charge, let no man speake with him,
Except our selfe, our brethren, or Earle Leicester.

Fau. Not I my Lord, may not I speake with him ?

Hen. Yes Faukenbridge thou shalt.

Jo. And why ? he is his wiues brother

420

Fau. Earle Iohn, although I be, I am true vnto the State, &
Glo. What, shal I haue no seruant of my owne ? (so is he.

Hen. No, but the houfholde seruants of the Fleete.

Glo. I thanke you kinsman King, your father knowes,
Gloster may boldelie give a base flauel blowes.

Fau. O but not heere, it was not well done heere.

Kin. Farewell good Gloster, you shall haire from vs.

Glo. Euen what your Sonnes will suffer you to send ;
Ift not a miserie to see you stand,
That some time was, the Monarch of this land,
Intreating traytors for a subiects freedome ?

430

Lei. Let him not speake, away with him to prison.

Glo. Heer's like to be a well stayd common wealth,
Where in proude Leister, and licentious Iohn,
Are pillers for the King to leane vpon.

Jo. We'll haire your rayling Lecture in the Fleete.

Hen. On our displeasure see he speake no more.

Glo. On thy displeasure, well yee haue me heere ;
O that I were within my Fort of Bungye
Whose walles are washt with the cleare streames of Aueney 440
Then would not Gloster passe a halfe-penny,
For all these rebels, and their poore King too.
Laughtst thou King Henry ? thou knows my words are true,
God help thee good olde man, adew adew.

Jo. That

called Looke about you.

Io. That Castle shal be mine, where stands it Faukenbridge

Fau. Far from your reach sure, vnder Feckhill ridge.

Fiue hundred men (England hath few such wight)

Keeps it for Glosters vfe both day and night :

But you may easilly winne it, wantons words

Quickly can master men, tongues out brawle swords.

450

Io. Yee are an Idyot.

Rich. I prethee *Io*hn forbeare.

Job. What shall olde winter with his frosty iestes,

Crosse flowry pleasure ?

Fau. I and nip you too, God mary mother I would tickle
Were there no more in place but I and you. (you

Kin. Sease these contentions, forward to the Tower,

Releafe Queene Elinor, and leaue me there

Your prisoner I am sure, if yee had power,

Ther's nothing lets you but the Commons feare:

460

Keep your State Lords, we will by water goe,

Making the fresh Thames, salt with teares of woe.

Hen. And wee'll by land through the Citty ride,

Making the people tremble at our pride. *Exeunt with Trum-*

Enter Skinke solus *pets two waies. sc. iii*

Skin. Blacke Heath quoth he, and I were King of all Kent,

I would giue it for a commodity of Apron-strings, to

Be in my cottage agen. Princes warrants, mary Skinke

Findes them as sure as an obligation seal'd with butter.

At Kings Bridge I durst not enter a boate, through

470

London the stones were fiery, I haue had a good

Coole way through the fieldes, and in the high way

To Ratcliffe stands a heater: Mile-end's couered with

Who goes there. Tis for me sure; O Kent, O Kent,

I would giue my part of all Christendome to feele

Thee as I see thee. If I goe forward I am stayed,

If I goe backward, ther's a roge in a red cap, he's run

From S. Iohnes after me: I were best stay heere,

Leaft if he come with hue and cry, he stop me yonder,

I would slip the coller for feare of the halter;

480

But heere comes my runner, and if he run for me,

His race dyes, he is as sure dead, as if a Parliament

Of

A pleasant Commodity
Of Deuils had decreed it.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Ste Ste Stepney chi church yonder, but I haue forgot
The La La Lady Fau Fau Fau plague on her,
I mu must b backe to the Fle Fle Fleet to kn kn know it.
The la the la la Lady Fau, plague on't; G Gloster
Will go ne neere to it stab me, fo for forgetting
My errand, he is such a ma ma mad Lord, the
La Lady Fau Fau Fau. 490

Skin. Help me deuise, vpon my life this foole is sent
From Gloster to his sister *Marian*.

Redc. I m must nee needs goe backe, the La Lady
Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. God speed good fellow.

Red. Go go god fp fp speed you fir.

Skin. Why run'ft thou from me?

Red. Ma mary fir, I haue lo lost a La Ladys name, and I am
running ba backe to se se seeke it. 500

Skin. What Lady? I prethee stay.

Red. Why the la Lady Fau Fau Fau.

Skin. Faukenbridge?

Red. I the ffame, ff farewell, I th th thanke you ha hartily

Skin. If thou wouldst speake with her she is in Kent,
I serue her, what's thy busines with my Lady?

Red. I sh sh should doe an errand to her ff from my Lord
Of Gloster, but a a and she be in k Kent, Ile f send it by you.

Skin. Where is my Lord?

Red. Mary p p prisoner in the Fl Fleet, a a and w would
haue her speake to P Prince R Richard for his re re re-
leafe. 510

Skin. I haue much busines, hold ther's thy fare by water, my
Lady lyes this night.

Red. Wh wh where I pray?

Skin. At Grauesend at the Angell.

Red. Tis deuillish co co colde going by water.

Skin. Why there's my cloake and hat to keep thee warme,
Thy cap and Ierkin will serue me to ride in
By the way, thou haft winde and ty de, take Oares. 520

My

called Looke about you.

My Lady will reward thee royally.

Red G God a mercy, ffa faith and euer th thou co co come to the Fl Fl Fleete, Ile give the tu tu turning of the ke key f for n no nothing.

Skin. Hye thee, to morrow morning at Graef-end Ile wash thy stammering throate with a mug of ale merrily.

Red. God be w with you till ffoo foone; what call you the Lady? O now I re remember the La Lady Fa Faukenbridge at what f signe?

Skin. At the Angell.

530

Red. A Angell, the la la Lady fa fa Faukenbridge, Fa Faukenbridge.

Skin. Farewell and bee hang'd good stammering ninny, I thinke I haue set your Redcaps heeles a running, wold your Pyanet chattering humour could as fa safely se set mee fr from the searchers walkes. Yonder comes some one, hem: Skink to your trickes this tytty tytty, a the tongue I beleue will faile mee.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Con. Come make vp to this fellow, let th' other go, he seems 540 a gentleman, what are you sir?

Skin. Would I had kept my owne sute, if the countenaunce carry it away.

Con. Stand firra, what are you?

Skin. The po po Porters Sonne of the F Fl Fleete, going to Stepney about businesse to the La La Lady Fa Fa Faukenbridge.

Con. Well bring him thether, some two or three of yee honest neyghbors, and so backe to the Fleete, we'll shew our selues diligent aboue other Officers.

550

Skin. Wh wh why le le let me run I am Re Redcap.

Con. Well, sure you shall now run no faster then I lead you, heare yee neighbor Simmes, I leaue my staffe with yee, bee vigilant I pray you, search the suspitious houfes at the townes end, this Skink's a trouencer; come, will you be gone sir?

Skin. Yes sir, and the deuill goe with you and them, Well, yet haue hope mad ha hart, co co come your way.

Exeunt.

Enter

C

A pleafant Commodity

Conſta. No Madam wee are commaunded by the King to watch, and meeting this fellow at Mile-end, he tels vs, he is the Portersfonne of the Fleete, that the Earle of Gloſter ſent him to you.

Skin. Iff forſooth h he deſire you to ſpeakē to the p Prince for him.

640

La. O I conceaue thee, bid him blithly fare, Beare him this Ring in token of my care.

Skin. If I be rid of this euill Angell that haunts mee, many rings, much Fleete will Skinke come vnto.

Con. Madam, if you know this fellow we'll diſcharge him.

Bloc. Madam, and you be wife, truſt your honest neigbors heere, let them bring this ca ca ca ca to the Fleete, and ſee your ring deliuered.

Skin. A plague vpon you for a damned roge, The Porter of the Fleete will ſurely know me.

650

La. Good neigbours bring this honest fellow thether, Ther's for his paines a crowne, if he ſay true, And for your labour ther's as much for you.

Skin. Why Ma Ma Madam, I am Re Re Redcap the Portersfonne.

La. Thou haſt no wrong in this, farewell good fellow.

Skin. Best ſpeaking to Prince Richard? no Ile try And face out Redcap if the flauē were by.

La. Make them drinke Blocke.

Blo. Come to the Butterie bar, ſtitty ſtitty ſtammerer, come 660 honest Conſtable, hey the watch of our towne, we'll drinke tryllill I faith.

As they goe out, enters Sir Richard Faukenbridge ſtealing forward, Prince and Lady talking.

Rob. *Lupus in fabula* my Noble Lord, See the olde foxe Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

Rich. We'll fit him well enough, ſecond vs Robin.

La. Ile fit you well enough for all your hope, *Fau. beckens Fau.* Leauē quaffing firra, listen to their talke. *to Blocke.*

Bloc. O while you liue beware, two are ſooner ſeene then 670 one: beſides, beare a braine Master, if Blocke ſhould be now ſpide, my Madam would not truſt this ſconce neither in time

called Looke about you.

time nor tyde.

Fau. Well leue me, now it buds; see see, they kiffe.

Bloc. Adew good olde sinner, you may recouer it with a
sallet of parsly, and the hearbe patience, if not sir you knowe
the worst, it's but euen this.

Rich. Madam, what you desire I not deny,
But promise Glosters life and liberty,
I beg but loue.

680

Fau. When doth she giue her almes?

La. Faire honourable Prince.

Fau. Nay then they speed.

La. My soule hath your deserts in good esteeme.

Fau. Witnesse these goodly times that grace my head.

La. But were you the sole Monarch of the earth,
Your power were insufficient to inuade,
My neuer yeelding heart of chaftity.

Fauk. Sayst thou so Mall, I promise thee for this,
Ile owe thy cherry lips an olde mans kiffe; 690
Looke how my Cockerill droopes, tis no matter,
I like it best when women will not flatter.

Rich. Nay but sweet Lady.

Rob. Nay but gracious Lord, doe not so much forget your
Princely worth,
As to attempt vertue to vnchaftity.

Fau. O noble youth!

Rob. Let not the Ladyes dead grieve for her brother,
Giue life to shameleffe and detested finne.

Fau. Sweet childe.

700

Ro. Consider that she is of high decent.

Fau. Most vertuous Earle.

Rob. Wife to the noblest Knight that euer breath'd.

Fau. Now blessing on thee blessed Huntington.

Rob. And would you then first staine your Princely stocke,
Wrong beauty, vertue, honor, chaftitye,
And blemish Faukenbridges vntaynted armes?

Fau. By adding hornes vnto our Falcones head,
Well thought on noble youth, twas well put in.

La. Besides my gratioues Lord.

710

Fau. Tickle

A pleasant Commodity

Fa. Tickle him Mall, plague him on that fide for his hot

La. how euer secretly great Princes fin, desire.

Fau. Oh now the spring she'll doe it fercrately.

La. The King of all harts will haue all fyns knowne.

Fa. Ah then she yeilds not.

Ric. Lady heer's my hand, I did but try your honorable faith

Fau. He did but trie her, would she haue bin tride

It had grone hard on this and on this fide.

Rich. And since I see your vertue so confirm'd,
as vice can haue no entraunce in your heart,

720

I vow in fift of heauen neuer againe,

To mooue like question but for loue,

Fau. My hart is eased, holde Blocke take vp my cloake.

Blo. And your cap to fir.

Ric. Sir Richard?

Fau. What sweet Prince welcome yfaith,

I see youth quickly get's the starte of age;

But welcome welcome and young Huntington.

Sweet Robyn hude, honors best flowring bloome,

Welcome to Faukenbridge with all my hearte,

730

How cheares my loue, how fares my Marrian, ha?

Be merry chucke, and Prince Richard welcome,

Let it goe Mall I knowe thy greuances.

Away away, tut let it paffe sweet girle,

Wee needs must haue his helpe about the Earle.

La. Let it not be delayd deere Faukenbridge.

Rich. Sir Richard, first make fute vnto my father,

Ile follow you to Courte and second you,

Fau. Follow to Court, ha? then I smell a rat,

Its probable he'll haue about agayne,

740

Long seige makes entraunce to the strongest fort,

It must not be I must not leaue him heere,

Prince Richard, if you loue my brothers good,

Lets ride back to the Courte, Ile wayte on you,

Rich. He's Ielious, but I must obserue the tyme,

We'll ride vnto the Court, Ile leaue my boy

Till we returne, are you agreed to this?

Fau. Oh I

called Looke about you.

Fau. Oh I hee is an honourable youth.

Vertuuos and modest, Huntingtons right heyre.
His father Gilbert was the smoothst fac't Lord
That ere bare Armes in England or in Fraunce,

750

Rich. Solicitie Robin, Lady giue good eare,
And of your brothers freedome neuer feare,

Fau. Marrian farewell, wheres Blocke ? open the gate,
Come Prince God send vs to proue fortunate ? *Exeunt.*

La. why doe you stay fir ?

Rob. Madam as a Lidger to folicite for your absent loue

La. Walk in the Garden I will follow you.

Ifaith Ifaith you are a noble wagge.

Rob. An honorable wag, and wagish Earle.

760

Euen what you will sweet Lady I must beare,
Hoping of patience, profit will ensue.

That you will beare the Prince as I beare you.

La. Well said well said, Ile haue these toyes amended,
Goe, will you walke into the Garden fir,

Rob. But will you promise me to bring no maides,
To set vpon my litle manship there ?

You threatned whipping, and I am in feare,

La. Vppon my word Ile bring none but my selfe,

Rob. You see I am weapned, doe not I beseech you,
Ile stab them come there twenty ere they breech mee. *Exit.*

770

La. This youth and Richard, think me easilly wonne,
But Marrian rather will embrace,

The bony carcasse of dismayng death,
Than proue vnchaft to Noble Faukenbridge.

Richard's king Henries sonne, is light,

Wanton and loues not humble modestie,

Which makes me (much contrary to my thoughts)

Flatter his humor for my brothers safetye,

But I protest Ile dwel among the dead,

Ere I pollute my sacred nuptiall bed.

780

Exit.

Sc. v

Enter Gloster in his gowne, calling

Glo. Porter what Porter wher's this drowsie asse ?

Enter Porter,

Por. Who calles ? my Lord of Gloster all alone ?

Glo. Alone

A pleafant Commodity,

Glo. Alone and haue your wisdomes companie,
Pray wher's the stammering chatterer your sonne ?
He's euer running but he makes small haste,
Ile bring his lyther legges in better frame,
And if he serue me thus a nother time. *Knocke within. 790*
Harke sir your clients knocke, and't be your pye,
Let him vouchsafe to chatter vs some newes,
Tell him we daunce attendance in our chamber. *Exit porter.*
This Iohn and Henry are so full of hate,
That they will haue my head by some deuice,
Gloster hath plotted meanes for an escape,
And if it fadge, why so ; if not, then well,
The way to heauen is death, this life's a hell.

Enter Porter and Skink.

Port. Why should the Watchmen come along with thee ? *800*

Skin. Ther's such a que question for yon f fame r rogue
Skink p plague keepe farre enough from him, that a an ho-
nest f fellow ca cannot w w walke the streetes.

Port. Well sir dispatch your busines with the Earle,
He's angry at your stay I tell ye that. *Exit.*

Skin. Sbloud what a frowne this Gloster castes at me,
I hope he meanes to lend me no more cusses,
Such as he paide me at the Parlament.

Glo. What mutter you, what tydings from my fister ?

Sk1. Co commendations and f she hath f sent ye this r ring. *810*

Glo. Hold ther's two Angels, shut the chamber doore,
You must about some busines for me strayght ;
Come nearer man,

Skin. I feare I am to neare,

Glo. Hast thou no tydings for my liberty ?

Skin. No b but ye sh shall he heare f from her p p presently.

Glo. And p presently fir off with your coate.
Nay quicke, vncase, I am bold to borrow it,
Ile leaue my gowne, change is no robbery.
Stutterer it's fo, neare flinch, ye cannot paffe, *820*
Cry, and by heauen Ile cut thy cowards throate,
Quickly cashyre your selfe, you see me staye,

Skin. N n nay, b b but wh wh what m meane ye ?

Glo. To

called Looke about you.

Glo. To scape I hope, sir with your priuiledge,
How now, who's this, my fine familliar Skinke?
Queene Beldams minnion,

Skin. Zounds you see ti's I.

Glo. Tyme sortes not now to know these misteries.
How thou camst by this ring, or stol'st this coate,
They are mine now in possession, for which kindenes
If I escape Ile get thee Libertie, 830
Or fire the fleete about the Wardens eares,
Mum budgit not a word as thou louest thy life,

Skin. I mum mum faire, pray God may chaunce it,
My Lord, but that my state is desperate,
Ide see your eyes out eare I would be cheated.

Glo. Walke like an Earle villaine some are comming.

Enter John and Porter.

Io. Where is this Gloster?

Glo. Y y yonder he walks. Fa fa father, l let me out.

840

Port. Why whether must you now?

Glo. To Ie Iericho I th thinke, tis such a h h humorous Earle.

Port. Well sir wilt please you hasten home againe.

Glo. I Ile be h heare in a trice; b but p praye haue ca care of
th this madcap, if he g giue vs the f f flip, f f some of vs a are
like to m make a fl fl flyppery occupation on't.

*This while John walkes and stalkes by Skinke, neuer a word
betwene them.*

Port. Looke to your busines sir let me alone.

Glo. Alone? neuer trust me if I trouble thee.

850

Io. Mad Gloster mute, all mirth turn'd to dispaire?

Why now you see what tis to crosse a King,
Deale against Princes of the Royall blood,
Youle snarle and rayle, but now your toung is bedry'd,
Come caper hay, set all at fix and seauen,
What mufest thou with thought of hell or heauen?

Skin. Of neither John I mufe at my disgrace,
That I am thus kept prisoner in this place.

Io. O sir, a number are here prisoneers,
My Cousen Moorton whome I came to visite,
But he good man is at his morrow mafse.

860

D

But I

A pleafant Commodity,

But I that neither care to say nor sing,
Come to seeke that preaching hate and prayer,
And while they mumble vp their Orifons,
We'll play a game at bowles, what faist thou Gloster ?

Skin. I care not if I doe, (our sportes,

Job. You doe not care, Let olde men care for graues, we for
Off with your gowne, there lies my hatt and Cloake,
The bowles there quickly, hoe ?

Skin. No my gowne stirres not, it keeps sorrowe warme, 870
And she, and I am not to be deuorced,

Enter Porter with bowles.

Jo. Yes ther's an axe must part your head and you,
And with your head, sorrowe will leaue your heart.
But come shall I begin ? a pound a game,

Skin. More pounds and we thus heauy ? well begin.

Job. Rub rub rub rub.

Skin. Amen God fend it short enough, and mee
A safe running with them clothes from thee.

Job. Play Robin, run run run.

Skin. Far enough and well, flye one foote more,
Would I were halfe so far without the doore.

Enter Porter.

Job. Now Porter whats the newes ?

Por. Your Cooscen Moorton humbly craues,
Leauing your game, you would come visit him,

Jo. Bowle Gloster Ile come presently.

So neere mad Robin ? then haue after you,

Skin. Would I were gone, make after as you may,

Jo. Well fir tis yours, one all, throw but the Iacke 890
While I goe talke with Moorton : Ile not stay,
Keepe Cloake and hat in pawne Ile hould out play,

Skin. I would be fory Iohn but you should stay,
Vntill my bias run another way,
Now paffe, and hey paffe, Skink vnto your tricks,
Tis but a chaunce at hazard : there lyes Gloster,
and heare stands Skinke, now Iohn play thou thy part,
And if I scape Ile loue thee with my heart.
So porter let me foorth.

Enter Porter.

900
Por. God

called Looke about you.

Po. God bleffe your grace, ye spoke with the L. Moortton.

Skin. I haue and muft about his busines to the Courte.

It greeues me to break my fportre with Gloster,

The melancholy Earle is comfortleſſe,

Po. I wold your grace would comfort him from hence,
The Fleet is weary of his company, *Redcap knocks.*

Skin. Drink that, ſome knockes, I prethee let me out.
His head ſhall off ere long, neuer make doubt. *Exeunt.*

Enter John at the other doore.

Jo. Now madcap thou winſt all, wher art thou Robyn? *910*
Vncased: nay then he meanes to play in earneſt.
But whers my Cloake, my rapier, and my hatt?
I holde my birth-right to a beggers ſcrip,
The baſterd is eſcapēd in my cloathes.
Tis well, he left me his to walke the ſtreets,
Ile fire the Citty but Ile finde him out,
Perchaunce he hides himſelfe to try my ſpleene,
Ile to his chamber, Gloſter? hallo Gloſter? *Exit.*

Enter Porter and Redcap.

Por. I wonder how thou camſt ſo ſtrangly chang'd? *920*
Tis not an hower ſince thou wents from hence,

Red. By my Ch Ch Christendome I ha haue not b b been h
heere this three nights, a p p plague of him, that made me ſuch
a ch chaunting, and f ſent me ſuch a Ia Ia Iaunt, blud I was ſt
ſtayd for Skinke, that ill fa fa fac'd rogue,

Port. I pray God there be no practife in this change.
Now I remember theſe are Skinkes cloathes,
That he wore laſt day, at the Parlament,

Knocke, Enter at another doore, John in Gloſters gowne.

Jo. Porter? you Porter?

Por. Doe you not heare them knock, you muſt ſtay fir,

Jo. Bloud I could eate theſe rogues.

Red. Wh wh what raw, tis a very harsh mo morſell,
Ne next your he heart

Jo. A plague vpon your Iaunts, what porter flaue?

Red. I haue been at g graueſend fir.

Jo. What's that to me?

Red. And at Ca Ca Canterbury.

A pleafant Commodity,

Io. And at the gallows: sounds this frets my soule.

Red. But I c could not f finde your f f sister the La Lady Fau 940
Faukenbridge.

Io. You fhammering flau hense, chat among your Dawes,
Come ye to mad me? while the rogue your father.

Enter Porter.

Red. My f fa father.

Io. Porter? you damned flau.

Port. If Midfomer doe you begin to rau?

Io. Harke how the traytor flouts me to my teeth.

I would intreat your knaefhip let me forth,

For feare I dash your branes out with the keyes,

950

What is become of Gloster and my garments?

Por. Alas in your apparrell Glosters gone,
I let him out, euen now I am vndone,

Io. It was your practise, and to keepe me backe

You sent Iacke Daw your sonne with ca ca ca,

To tell a fleueles tale: lay hould on him,

To Newgate with him and you tut atut,

Run redcap and trudge about,

Or bid your fathers porterfhip farewell. *Exeunt with Porter.*

Red. He heares a go good Ie Ie Iest by the L Lord to mo 960
mocke an ape with all: my fa fa father has brought his ho ho
hoges to a fa fa faire m m market. Po po porter quoth you?
p po porter that will for me, and I po po porter it, let them
po po post me to heauen in this qua quarter. But I must
f f seeke this Gl Gl Gloster and Sk Sk Skinke that co cony
catching ra ra rafcall, a pa pa plague co co confound him, Re
re redcap must ru run he cannot tell whe whether. *Exit*

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Henry the younger, on one hand of him sc. vi
Queene Elinor, on the other Leycester.*

Hen. Mother and Leycester adde not oyle to fire. 970
Wrath's kindled with a word, and cannot heare
The number leffe perswasions you infort,

Quee. O but my sonne thy father fauours him.
Richard that vile abortiue changling brat,
And Faukenbridge, are fallen at Henries feete.

They

called Looke about you.

They wooe for him, but intreat my sonne
Gloster may dye for this that he hath done,

Leic. If Gloster liue thou wilt be ouerthrowne,

Quee. If Gloster liue thy mother dies in moane,

Ley. If Gloster liue Leyster will flie the realme,

980

Quee. If Gloster liue thy kingdome's but a dreame,

Hen. Haue I not sworne by that eternall arme

That puts iust vengance fword in Monarcks hands,

Gloster shall die for his presumption ?

What needs more coniuration gratiouse Mother ?

And honorable Leyster marke my words.

I haue a Bedrole of some threescore Lords,

Of Glosters faction,

Quee. Nay of Henries faction.

Of thy false fathers faction, speake the truth,

990

He is the head of factious ; were he downe :

Peace, plenty, glory will impale thy crowne.

Ley. I ther's the But ; whose hart-white if we hit,

The game is our's. Well we may rage and roue,

At Gloster, Lancaster, Chester, Faukenbridge,

But he is the vpshot.

Quee Yet begin with Gloster.

Hen. The destenies run to the booke of Fates,

And read in neuer-changing Characters

Robert of Glosters end, he dies to day,

1000

So fate, so heauen, so doth King Henry say.

Quee. Emperially resoul'd.

Trumpets far off,

Leic. The olde King comes,

Quee. Then comes Luxurious lust,

The King of Concubines, the King that scornes

The vndefiled, chaste and nuptiall bed,

The King that hath his Queene Imprifoned.

For my fake scorne him, sonne call him not father,

Giue him the stile of a competitor,

Hen. Pride feaze vpon my heart, wrath fill myne eyes,

1010

Sit lawfull maiestie vpon my front

Dutie flie from me, pitty bee exild,

Sences forget that I am Henries child,

A pleafant Commodity

Quee I kiffe thee, and I bleffe thee, for this thought.

Enter King, Lancaster, Richard, Faukenbridge.

Kin. O Lancaster bid Henry yeeld some reason

Why he desires so much the death of Gloster,

Hen. I heare thee Henry, and I thus reply.

I doe desire the death of Basterd Gloster,

For that he spends the Treasure of the Crowne.

1020

I doe desire the death of basterd Gloster,

For that he doth desire to pull me downe.

Or were this false (I purpose to be plaine)

He loues thee, and for that I him disdaine.

Hen. Therin thou shewest a hate-corrupted mynde,
To him the more vniust, to me vnkynnd,

Quee He loues you as his father lou'd his mother.

Kin. Fie, fie vpon thee hatefull Elinor.

I thought thou hadst been long since scarlet dyde,

Hen. She is and therfore cannot change her colour.

1030

Rich. You are to strickt, Earle Glosters fault

Merrits not death,

Fau. By th'rood the Prince saies true.

Heere is a statute from the Confessor,

Hen. The Confessor was but a simple foole.

Away with bookees my word shall be a lawe,

England her breath shall from this bosome drawe,

Gloster shall die,

Ley. Let Gloster dye the death. (him and thee.

Lan. Leyster he shall not, he shall haue lawe, despight of 1040

Hen. What law, will you be Traitors? whats the lawe?

Ric. His right handes losse, and that is such a losse,

As England may lament, all Christians weepe.

That hand hath bin aduanft against the Moores,

Driuen out the Sarafins from Gads and Cicile,

Fought fifteene Battels vnder Christs red croffe,

And is it not (thinke you) a greeuious losse,

That for a flauue (and for no other harme)

It should be fundred from his Princely Arme?

Fau. More for example Noble Lancaster, but tis great pitty, 1050
To to great a pittie.

Hen. Ile

called Looke about you.

He. Ile haue his hand & head. *Ri.* Thou shal haue mine theſe.

Que. Wel fayd stubberne Dicke, Iack wold not ferue me fo,
Were the boy heere:

Ric. Both Iohn and I haue feru'd your will too long;
Mother repente your cruelty and wrong:
Gloſter you know is ful of mirth and glee,
And neuer elſe did your grace iniury.

Qu. Gloſter ſhal dye. *He.* Fetch him heere Ile ſee him dead.

Ric. He that ſturs for him ſhall lay downe his head.

1060

Fau. O quiet good my Lords, patiencē I pray,
I thinke he comes vnfent for by my fay.

Enter Iohn in Gloſters gowne.

Ric. What meanſt thou Gloſter? *He.* Who brought Gloſter

Io. Let Gloſter hang and them that (hyther)³
There lyes his caſe, a miſchiefe on his carkaffe.

Qu. My deare ſonne Iacke? (your aſſe, your gull.

Io. Your deere ſon Iack an apes, your mokey, your babone,

Ley. What ayles Earle Iohn? *Io.* Hence further frō my fight,
My fiery thoughts and wrath haue worke in hand; 1070
Ile curse ye blacker then the Leuarnian Lake,
If you ſtand wondring at my ſorrow thus;
I am with childe, big, hugely fwolne with rage;
Who'll play the Midwife, and my throbs aſwage?

Kin. I will my Sonne. *Hen.* I will high harted brother.

Io. You will, and you, tut, tut all you are nothing,
Twill out, twill out, my ſelfe my ſelfe can eaſe:
You chafe, you fwell, ye are commandiug King,
My father is your foote ſtoole when he pleafe,
Your word's a law, theſe Lordes dare neuer ſpeake, 1080
Gloſter muſt dye, your enemies muſt fall.

Hen. What meanes our brother?

Io. He meanes that thou art mad ſhe franticke, Leyſter
I the babe, theſe grinde vs, bite vs, vexe vs, charge, (foolish
And diſcharge, Gloſter, O Gloſter!

Que. Where is Gloſter ſonne? *Hen.* Where is Glo. brother?

Kin. I hope he be eſcapēd.

Io. O I could teare my hayre, & falling thus vp the
Solide earth, dig into Gloſters graue, ſo he were dead
And gone into the depth of vnder worlds.

Or 1090

A pleafant Commodity

Or get seditious hundred thousand hands,
And like Briareus, battle with the Starres,
To pull him downe from heauen if he were there,

Fau. Looke to Earle Iohn the Gentleman is mad.

Io. O who would not be mad at this disgrace?
Gloster the fox is fled, there lies his case,
He coufned me of myne, the porter helpt him,

Hen. The porter shall be hangd let's part and seeke him,
Gloster shall dye all Europe shall not faue him.

Io. He is wife, too wife for vs, yet Ile goe with you,
To get more fooles into my company.

1100

Quee. This is your fathers plot, reuenge it sonne.

Hen. Father by heauen if this were your aduice,
Your head or heart shall pay the bitter price,
Come mother, Brother, Leyster, lets away,

Io. I, Ile be one, in hope to meete the basterd,
And then no more my selfe will be his headsman. *Exeunt.*

Kin. Richard and Faukenbridge follow the search,
You may preuent mischaunce by meeting Gloster,
If ye finde Skinke see that you apprehend him,
I heare there is a wizard at blacke heath,
Let some enquire of him where Skinke remaynes,
Although I trust not to those fallacies,
Yet now and then such men prooue Soothsayers.
Will you be gone?

1110

Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart my Lord,
Come Princly Richard, we are ever yoak'd.

Pray God there be no mistery in this,

Rich. Be not suspitious where there is no cause,

Fau. Nay nothing, nothing, I am but in iest.

Exeunt. 1120

Kin. Call in a Pnrfseuant.

Lan. Heares one my Leidge,

Kin. There is a Porter likely to be hangd,
For letting Gloster scape, firra attend,
You shall haue a repreiue to bring him vs,
These boys are to to stubborne Lancaster,
But tis theyr mothers fault, if thus she moue me,
Ile haue her head though all the world reprove me.

Exeunt.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Robin Hood and Lady Faukenbridge.

Sc. viii

La. Doe not deny me gentle Huntington.

1131

Rob. My Lord will misse me.

La. Tut let me excuse thee.

Rob. Turne woman, O it is intollerable!

Except you promise me to play the Page:

Doe that, try one night, and you'l laugh for euer,

To heare the Orizons that Louers vse;

Their ceremonious sighes, their idle oathes,

To heare how you are praiſ'd and pray'd vnto,

For you are Richards Saint, they talke of Mary

The bleſſed Virgin, but vpon his beades

He onely prayes to Marian Faukenbridge.

1140

La. The more his error, but will you agree
To be the Lady Faukenbridge one day?

Rob. When ifſt?

La. On Munday.

Rob. Wherfore ifſt?

La. Nay then you doe me wrong with inquifition.
And yet I care not greatly if I tell thee.

1150

Thou feſt my husband full of iealouſie;

Prince Richard in his fute importunate,

My brother Gloſter threatned by young Henry;

To cleare theſe doubtes, I will in ſome diſguife,

Goe to blacke Heath vnto the holy Hermit,

Whofe wifedome in fore-telling things to come,

Will let me ſee the iſſue of my cares.

If deſtineyſe ordaine me happienes,

Ile chafe theſe miſtes of ſorrow from my heart,

With the bright Sunne of mirth: if fate agree,

It, and my frends, muſt ſuffer miſery,

Yet Ile be merry too, till miſcheefe come.

1160

onely I long to knowe the worſt of ill.

Rob. Ile once put on a ſcarlet countenaunce.

La. Be wary leaſt ye be diſcouered Robyn.

Rob. Best paint me then, be ſure I ſhall not bluſh.

Enter Block bleeding, Gloſter with him.

Blo. Beate an Officer, Redcap Ile haue ye talkt withall,

E

Beate

A pleafant Commodity

Beate Sir Richards Porter? help Madam, help,

Glo. Peace you damned rogue.

La. Brother I pray you forbeare.

Glo. Zwonds a hundredth at my heales almost,

1170

And yet the villain stands on complaiment.

Bloc. A bots one you, ist you?

Glo. Will you to the doore you foole? and bar the gate,

Holde ther's an angell for your broaken pate;

If any knocke let them not in in haste.

Bloc. Well Ile doe as I see cause, blood thou art deare to
me, but heere's a soueraigne plaister for the fore: golde
healeth wounds, golde easeth heartes: what can a man haue
more?

Exit.

La. Deare brother, tell vs how you made escape?

1180

Glo. You see I am heare, but if you would knowe how:

I cannot scape and tell the manner too,

By this I knowe your howse is compassed

With hel-hound search.

La. Brother Ile furnish you with beard & hayre, and
Garments like my husband, how like you that? *Exit. Lady*

Glo. Well, when I haue them: quickly then dispatch: sblod
turne gray beard and hayre?

Robyn conceale, this dyeteth my minde,

Myrth is the obiect of my humorous spleane,

1190

Thou high commaunding furie! further deuice,

Iefts are concealed, I long to see their birth,

What come ye fister? Robyn a theeues hand,

But prethee where hadst thou this beard and haire?

La. Prince Richard wore them hether in a maske,

Glo. Saist thou me so, faith loue the Princely youth,

Tut you must tast stolne pleasure now and than,

Rob. But if she steale and Ielious eyes espie:

She will be sure condemnd of Burglary,

Glo. Ha crake? can your low stumps venter so deep

1200

Into affections streame? go to you wanton.

What want we now? my nightcap, O tis heare,

So now no Gloster, but olde Faukenbridge,

called Looke about you.

Harke, the search knockes, ile let them in my selfe;
Welcome good fellowe; ha, what ist you lacke?

Enter Redcap with another.

Red. Ma master Co constable, se se search you th that way,
a and you ho honest man th that way. Ile ru run th this way
m my owne se selfe. *They dispearse themselues.*

Glo. What search you for? what is it you would haue?

1210

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam, what shall I doe to these browne-bill fel-
lowes? some runne into the wine seller, some heere, some
there.

Glo. Let them alone, let them search their filles.

Block. Ile looke to their fingers for all that.

Glo. Doe so good Blocke, be carefull honest Blocke.

B. Sir stammerer & your wa watch, y'are pa past ifaith. *Exit*

Glo. Will you not speake knaues, tel me who you seeke?

Red. Ma mary sir we f seeke a va va vacabond, a fu fugatiue. 1220
my La Ladies owne b brother; but and hee were the po po
Popes owne b brother, I would f search f f for him; for I haue
a p poore father r ready to be ha ha hang'd f f for him.

Glo. O tis for Gloster! mary search a gods name,
Seeke peace, will he breake prisfon too?

It's pitty he should liue, nay I defye him.

Come looke about, search euery little corner,
My selfe will lead the way, pray you come,
Seeke, seeke, and spare not, though it be labour lost:
He comes not vnder my roofe, heare ye wife,
He comes not hyther, take it for a warning.

1230

Red. You sp sp speake like an honest ge ge Gentleman, re re
rest you me me mery, co co come my f f friends, I be beleue
h h he r ran by the g g garden w wall toward the wa water
fide. *Exeunt running.*

Glo. This fellow is of the humour I would chuse my wife,
Few words and many paces, a word and a way, and so
Must I: Sister adieu, pray you for me, Ile do the like for you.
Robin farewell, commend me to the Prince.

La. Can ye not stay heere safe?

1240

E 2

Glo. No,

A pleasant Commodity

Glo. No, Ile not trust the changing humours of olde Fauken-
Adieu yong Earle, Sister lets kiffe and part; (bridge,
Tush, neere mourne, I haue a merry hart. *Exit.*

La. Farewell all comfort.

Ro. What weeping Lady?

Then I perceiue you haue forgot Blacke-heath.

La. No, there Ile learne both of his life and death.

Ro. Till Munday Madam I must take my leaue.

La. You will not misse then:

Rob. Nay, if Robin faile yee, let him haue neuer fauour of faire Lady. 1250

La. Meane while Ile spend my time in prayers & teares,
That Gloster may escape these threatned feares. *Exit.*

Enter Skinke like Prince John.

Sc. viii

Skin. Thus iets my noble Skinke along the streetes,
To whom each bonnet vailes, and all knees bend ;
And yet my noble humour is too light,
By the sixe shillings : heere are two crackt groates
To helter skelter, at some vawting house.
But who comes yonder ? ha, olde Faukenbridge ?
Hath a braue chaine, were Iohn and he good friends,
That chaine were mine, and should vnto Black-heath.
Ile venture, it's but tryal, lucke may fall.
Good morrow good sir Richard Faukenbridge.

1260

Fau. Good morrow my sweet Prince, harty good morrow,
This greeting wel becomes vs, marry does it ;
Betteriwis then strife and Iangling.
Now can I loue ye, wil ye to the Shiriffes ?
Your brother Richard hath beene there this houre.

1270

Skin. Yes I am plodding forward as you doe ;
What cost your chaine ? it's paffing strongly wrought,
I would my Golde-smith had a patterne of it.

Fau. Tis at your graces seruice, shew it him.

Skin. Then dare ye trust me ?

Fau. Who the Princely Iohn ?

My Soueraignes sonne, why what a question's that ?
Ile leaue you, yee may know I dare trust you.

Skin. Ile

called Looke about you.

Ski. Ile bring't ye to the Shiriffes, excuse my absence.

Fau. I wil my noble Lord, adieu sweet Prince. *Exit.*

Skin. Why so, this breakfast was wel fed vpon,

1280

When Skinkes deuises on Blacke-heath doo faile,

This and such cheates, would set me vnder faile.

Ile to the water side, would it were later,

For sti I am afraide to meeete Prince Iohn.

Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge.

But what a mischiefe meant Faukenbridge

To come againe so foone? that way he went,

And now comes peaking; vpon my life

The buzzard hath me in suspition,

But whatsoeuer chaunce, Ile filch a share.

1290

Glo. Yonder's Prince Iohn I hope he cannot know me,

Ther's naught but Gloster Gloster in their mouthes;

I am halfe strangled with the Garlickie breath,

Of rascals that exclaines as I passe by,

Gloster is fled, once taken he must dye.

But Ile to Iohn, how does my gratious Lord?

What tattles rumour now? what newes of Gloster?

Skin. What newes could I heare since you left me last?

Were you not heere euen now? lent me your chaine,

I thinke you dote.

(pretty accident, 1300

Glo. Sweet Prince, age, age forgets, my brothers chaine? a
Ile haue't and be but in the spight of Iohn.

Skin. Ther's more, and more, Ile geld it eare it go. *He breaks*
This same shal keep me in some Tauerne merry, *the chaine.*
Til nights blacke hand curtaine this to cleare sky.

Fau. My sweet Prince, I haue some cause to vse my chaine,
Another time (when ere your Lordship please)
Tis at your seruice, ô mary God it is.

Skin. Heere palfie, take your chaine, stoop and be hang'd,
Yet the fish nibled, when she might not swallow;

1310

Gout I haue curtall'd what I could not borrow. *Exit.*

Glo. He's gone away in frets, would he might meeete
My brother Faukenbridge in this mad moode,
There would be rare adoe; Why this fits me,
My braine flowes with fresh wit and pollicy.

V pleafant Commodity

But Gloster looke about, who haue we yonder?
Another John Prince, Richard and the Shiriffe?
Vpon my life, the flauue that had the chaine,
Was Skinke, escapt the Fleet by some mad sleight,
Wel, farewell he, better and better still,
These seeke for me, yet I wil haue my will.

1320

Io. Shiriffe, in any case be diligent.

Whose yonder, Faukenbridge?

Glo. How now sweet chucke, how fares my louely Prince?

Io. What carest thou? or wel, or ill, we craue no help of thee.

Glo. Gods mother doe you scorne me?

Io. Gout, what then?

Rich. Fye, leaue these idle braules, I prethee John
Lets follow that we are inioyn'd vnto.

Glo. I mary Prince, if now you slip the time,
Gloster wil slip away; tut though he hate me
I haue done seruice, I haue found him out.

1330

Ric. A shame confound thee for thy treachery,
Inconsta[n]t dotard, tymorous olde asse,
That shakes with cowardise not with yeares.

Glo. Goe, I haue found him, I haue winded him.

Io. O let me hug thee gentle Faukenbridge,
Forgiue my oft ill vsing of thine age,
Ile call thee Father, ile be penitent,
Bring me where Gloster is Ile be thy flauue,
All that is mine, thou in reward shalt haue.

1340

Glo. Soft, not too hafty, I would not be feene in't,
Mary a god my wife would chide me dead,
If Gloster by my meanes should loose his head.
Princely Richard at this corner make your stand:
And for I know you loue my sister well,
Know I am Gloster and not Faukenbridge.

Ric. Heauen prosper thee sweet Prince in thy escape.

Glo. Shiriffe, make this your quarter, make good guard,
John, stay you heere, this way he meanes to turne,
By Thomas I lacke a swoord, body a me.

1350

Io. What wouldst thou with a swoord olde Faukenbridge?

Glo. O sir to make shew in his defence,

For

called Looke about you.

For I haue left him yonder at a house
A friends of mine, an honest Cittizen.

Io. Wee'll fetch him thence.

Glo. Nay then you iniure me, stay till he come; he's in a ruf-
And must attend me like a Seruingman. (set cloake

Io. Holde ther's my fwoord, and with my fwoord my heart,
Bring him for Godfake, and for thy desert, 1360
My brother King and mother Queene shall loue thee.

Glo. Marke me good Prince, yonder away we come,
I goe afore and Gloster followes me;
Let not the Shiriffe nor Richard meddle with vs,
Begin you first, seaze Gloster and arrest him;
Ile draw and lay about me heere and heere,
Be heedfull that your watchmen hurt me not,

Io. Ile hang him that doth hurt thee, prethee away,
I loue thee, but thou kilst me with delay.

Glo. Wel keep cloſe watch, ile bring him presently. 1370

Io. Away then quickly.

Gl. Gloster, cloſe master Shiriffe, Prince Richard,

Ri. Gloste radieu. *Glo.* I trust you.

Ricb. By my Knight-hood Ile prooue true. *Exit Gloster.*

Io. Reuenge, Ile build a Temple to your name;
And the first offring shal be Glosters head,
Thy Alters shal be sprinkled with the bloud,
Whose wanton current his mad humour fed;
He was a rymer and a Ridler,
A scoffer at my mother, prayf'd my father,
Ile fit him now for al, eſcape and all. 1380

Ric. Take heede ſpight burſt not in his proper gall.

Enter Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Io. How now, what way tooke Faukenbridge I wonder?
That is not Gloster ſure that attends on him.

Fau He came not at the Shiriffes by the morrow maffe,
I fought the Goldsmithes rowe and found him not;
Sirra, y'are ſure he fent not home my chaine?

Blo. Who ſhould ſend your chaine ſir?

Fau. The Prince, Prince Iohn I lent it him to day. 1390

Io. What's this they talke?

Bloc. By

A pleasant Commodity

Blo. By my truth Sir, and ye lent it him, I thinke you may
goe look it : for one of the Drawers of the Salutation tolde
me euen now, that he had tooke vp a chamber there till e-
uening, and then he will away to Kent.

Fau. Body of me, he meanes to spend my chaine,
Come Blocke Ile to him.

Job. Heare you Faukenbridge ?

Fau. Why what a knaue art thou ? younders Prince Iohn.
Bl. Then the Drawer's a knaue, he told me Prince Iohn was 1400
at the Salutation.

Jo. Wheres Gloster Faukenbridge ?

Fau. Sweet Prince I knowe not.

Job. Come, iest not with me, tell me where he is ?

Fau. I neuer saw him since the Parlament.

Jo. Impudent lyar, didst thou not euen now
Say thou woldst fetch him ? hadst thou not my fword ?

Fau. Wert thou a King, I will not beare the lye,
Thy fword ? no boy, thou feest this sword is myne.

Blo. My Master a lyer ? Zounds wert thou a potentate,

1410

Fau. I scorne to weare thy armes vntutred childe,
I fetch thee Gloster ? shameleffe did I see thee
Since as I went this morning to the Siriffes,
Thou borrowedst my gold chaine ?

Jo. Thy chaine ?

Fau. I hope thou wilt not cheate me princkocks Iohn.

Jo. Ile cheat thee of thy life if thou charge me
With any chaine.

Fau. Come, let him come I pray, Ile whip yee boy, Ile teach
you to out face.

1420

Blo. Come, come, come, but one at once, ye dafterds come
Rich. Keepe the Kings peace, I see you are both deceau'd,
He that was last heare, was not Faukenbridge.

Fau. They flaunder me, who sayes that I was heare ?

Ric. Wee doe beleue ye sir ; nor doe you thinke
My brother John deceiu'd you of a chayne.

Fau. He did, I did deliuer it with this hand.

Job. Ile dye vpon the flanderer,

Fau. Let the boy come.

Blo. I

called Looke about you.

Blo. I, let him come, let him come.

1430

Ric. Fellow, thou spakst even now, as if Prince John
Had byn at some olde Tauerne in the towne.

Blo. I fir, I came vp now, but from the Salutation,
And a drawer that doth not vse to lye, tolde me
Prince John hath byn there all this after noone.

Job. The Deuill in my likenesse then is there.

Fau. The Deuill in thy likenesse or thy selfe,
Had my gold chaine.

Job. Thou art the Deuill, for thou
Hadst my good fword, all these can witnesse it.

1440

Fau. Gods Mother thou belyft mee

Jo. Giue me the lye?

Rich. Nay calme this fury, lets downe to the Tauerne,
Or one, or both, these counterfeites are there.

Fau. I know him well enough that had my chaine,
And there be two Iohns, if I finde one there,
BerLady, I will lay him fast.

Rich. It is this Skinke that mockes vs I beleue.

Job. Alas poore Skink it is the Deuill Gloster;
Who if I be so happy once to finde,
Ile giue contentment, to his troubled minde.

1450

Rcib. I hope he's far enough, and free enough:
Yet these conseytes I know delight his soule.

Fau. Followe me Blocke, follow me honest Blocke.

Blo. Much follow you, I haue another peece of worke in
hand; I heare say Redcaps father shall bee hanged this after
noone, Ile see him slip a string though I giue my seruice the
slip; beside my Lady bad me heare his examination at his
death: Ile get a good place, and pen it word for word, and as
I like it, set out a moornefull Dittie to the tune of Laban-
dalashot, or rowe wel ye Marriners, or somwhat as my muse
shall me inuoke.

Exit.

Enter Gloster like Faukenbridge with a Purseuant, Gloster *Sc. ix*
hauing a paper in his hand, the Purseuant bare.

Glo. A charytable deed, God bleffe the King,
He shall be then repreueed.

Pur. I fir, some day or two, till the young King and Prince

F

John

A pleasant Commodity,

Iohn chaunge it, especially if the good Earle bee not found
which God forbid.

Glo. What house is this that wee are stopt into to read this 1470
warrant in?

Pur. A Tauerne sir, the Salutation.

Glo. A Tauerne? then I will turne prodigall,
Call for a pint of Sacke good fellow.

Pur. Drawer?

Dra. Anan sir.

Glo. A pint of thy best Sacke my pretty youth.

Dra. God bleffe your worship sir, ye shal haue the best in
London sir.

Gl. What knowft thou me? knowft thou old Faukenbridge? 1480
I am no Tauerne hunter I can tell thee.

Draw. But my Master hath taken many a faire pound of
your man Blocke; he was heere to day sir, and fild two bot-
tles of nippitate facke.

Glo. Well, fill vs of your nippitate sir,
This is well chauncft, but heere ye boy?
Bring Suger in white paper, not in browne;
For in white paper I haue heere a tricke,
Shall make the Purseuant fround, then sicke.
Thou honest fellow what's thy name?

1490

Pur. My name is Winterborne sir.

Glo. What countryman I prethee?

Pur. Barkeshire and please ye.

Gl. How long haft thou bin fworne a messenger?

Pur. But yesterday and please your worship,
This is the First imployment I haue had.

Enter Drawer with wine and Suger.

Glo. A good beginning, heere haue too thee fellow;
Thou art my fellow now thou seruest the King,
Nay take Suger too, Gods Lady deere,
I put it in my pocket, but it's heere:
Drinke a good draught I prethee Winterborne.

1500

He drinkeſ and falles ouer the ſtoole.

Dra. O Lord Sir Richard, the man, the man.

Glo. What a forgetfull beast am I? peace boy,

It is

called Looke about you.

It is his fashion euer when he drinkeſ.

Fellow he hath the falling fickenes,

Run fetch two cushionſ to rayſe vp his head,

And bring a little Key to ope his teeth.

Exit Drawer.

Purſeuant, your warrant and your boxe,

These muſt with me, the ſhape of Faukenbridge

1510

Will holde no longer water heere about.

Gloſter wil be a proteus euer houre,

That Elinor and Leyſter, Henry, Iohn,

And all that rabble of hate louing curres,

May minister me more mirth to play vpon.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. Heer's a key fir, and one of our folke to help.

Glo. No matter for a key, help him but in,

And lay him by the fire a little while,

1520

He'll wake immediatly, but be hart ſicke,

Ther's money for a candle and thy wine,

Ile goe but vp vnto your Aldermans,

And come downe preſently to comfort him:

Exeunt

Within Ski. Drawer? what Drawer? with a vengeance *Dra.* *sc. x*

Within Dra. Speake in the Crowne there.

Enter Skinke like Prince John.

Skin. They be come, the deuill crowne yee one by one,

Skinke tho'art betraide, that master Faukenbridge

Miſſing ſome of his chaine, hath got thee dog'd.

1530

Drawer? what Drawer?

Dra. Anan, anan fir.

Ski. Was not fir Richard Faukenbridge below?

Dra. Yes and please yee.

Skin. It does not please me wel, knowes he that I am heer?

Dra. No I protest.

Ski. Come hether firra, I haue little money,

But ther's ſome few linkes of a chayne of golde:

Vpon your honesty knowes not fir Richard,

That I am heere?

1540

Dra. No by my holydam.

Skin. Who's that was with him?

Dra. Why a Purſeuant.

A pleafant Commodity

Skin. Where is sir Richard?

Dra. At the Aldermans.

Skin. A Purseuant and at the Aldermans.

What Pyg, or Goose, or Capon haue you kill'd,
Withing your Kitchin new?

Dra. A pyg new stickt.

Skin. Fetch me a fawcer of the bloud, quicke run; Exit. 1550

Ile fit the Purseuant, and Alderman,
And Faukenbridge, if Skinke haue any wit.
Well Gloster, I did neuer loue thee yet,
But th'art the maddest Lord that ere I met,
If I scape this, and meete thee once againe,
Cursfe Skinke, if he dye penny in thy det.

Enter Drawer.

Dra. O my Lord the house is full of holberts, and a great
many Gentlemen aske for the roome where Prince Iohn is?

Skin. Lend me thy Aprone, runne and fetch a pot from the 1560
next roome.

Betray'd, swounds betray'd, by gout, by palfie, by dropfie;
O braue boy, excellent bloud: vp, take my cloake
And my hat to thy share, when I come from Kent, ile pay
Thee like a King.

Dra. I thanke you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter John, Richard, Faukenbridge, Shiriffes and Officers.

Ski. Now fortune help or neuer: they come, and yee were a
Prince as yee say ye are, yee would bee ashamed to abuse a
poore seruant thus, but and if you were not of the bloud 1570
Royall, Ide breake the necke of yee downe the stayres, so
would I, Ide teach you to hurt prentises.

Ri. Who hurt thee fellow?

Skin. Prince deuill or his dam, Prince Iohn they call him.

Job. Gloster I hope.

Ri. I doubt not but it's Skinke.

Io. Where is he?

Skin. Vp them stayres, take heede of him.

He's in the Crowne.

Fau. Alas poore fellow, he hath crown'd thee shrewdly. 1580

Jo. In recompence, if it be him I seeke,

called Looke about you.

Ile giue thee his whole head to tread vpon.
Follow me brother, come olde Faukenbridge,
Keep the stayres Shiriffes, you see it waxeth darke,
Take heede he slip not by you.

Exeunt

Ski. Hange your selues, this darkenes shal conuay me out,
Ile swim the Thames, but Ile attaine Black-heath, (of doors
London farewell, curse Iohn, rauie Faukenbridge,
Skinke scapes you all by twy lights priuylege.

Within. Where is he³ lights, bring lights, drag out that boy. 1590

Enter all with the boy.

Io. This is my cloke, my hat, my rapier,
And eyther it was Skinke or Gloster.

Dra. I know not who twas fir, he said he was Prince Iohn,
he tooke away my aprone and a pottle pot with him, and al
to bloudied his head and face.

Fau. We met him, by S. Anthony, we met him.

Io. The fire of S. Anthony confound
This changing counterfeit whatfoeuer he be.

Rich. It makes me laugh at eniuious greedines,
Who feedes vpon her owne harts bitternes. 1600

Job. Sirra you that were borne to cry anan,
What other copesmates haue you in the houfe?

Draw. Sir, my Maisters gesse be none of my copesmates,

Io. Well your gesse, can ye gesse who they be?

Draw. Marry heere's a purfeuant, that this Gentleman fir
Richard Faukenbridge left sick euen now.

Fau. Marry of God dyd I, thou lyiug knaue?

Dra. I am a poore boy fir, your worship may say your plea-
sne, our maides haue had a foule hand with him, you said he 1610
would be fiske: so he is with a witnesse.

Job. Looke about Faukenbridge, heere's worke for you,
You haue some euill Angell in your shape,
Goe firra, bring vs foorth that Purfeuant?

Enter two leading the Purfeuant fiske.

Rich. Gloster, thou wilt be too too venterous,
Thou doost delight in those odde humours so,
That much I feare they'll be thy ouerthrowe. *aside.*

Pur. O O O not too fast; O I am fiske, O very fiske.

A pleafant Commodity

Io. What picture of the pestilence is this?

1620

Purf. A poore man fir, a poore man fir: downe I pray yee,
I pray let me sit downe. A fir Richard, fir Richard, a good
fir Richard: what haue I deseru'd to be thus dealt with all
at your worships hands? a ha, ah, ah.

Fau. At my hands knaue? at my hands paltry knaue?

Dra. And I should be brought to my booke oath fir:

Within. What Ieffrey?

Dra. Anan, anan.

Job. A plague vpon your Ieffring, is your name Ieffrey?

Dra. I and't please you fir.

1630

Rich. Why gentle Ieffrey then stay you awhile,
What can you say, if you come to your booke?

Dra. If I bee pos'd vpon a booke fir, though I bee a poore
prentise, I must speake the truth, & nothing but the truth fir.

Io. And what's your truth fir?

Pur. O, O my heart.

Dra. Mary fir this Knight, this man of worship.

Fau. Well, what of me? what did my worship doe?

Dra. Mary ye came into the Bel, our roome next the Barre,
with this honest man as I take it.

1640

Fau. As thou tak'st it?

Pur. O fir tis too true, too true, too true O Lord.

Dra. And there he call'd for a pint of Sacke, as good Sacke
(Ile bee pos'd vpon all the bookes that euer opened and
shut) as any is in all Christendome.

Fau. Body of me, I come and call for Sacke?

Pur. O ye did, ye did, ye did, O O.

Job. Well forward firra.

Ric. Gloster hath done this iest.

Dra. And you call'd then for Suger fir, as good Suger and 1650
as wholsome, as euer came in any cup of Sacke: you drunke
to this man, and you doe well God be thanked, but hee no
sooner drunke:

Pur. But I, but I, but I, O my head, O my heart.

Rich. I cannot chuse but smile at these conseites.

Io. I am mad, and yet I must laugh at Faukenbridge:
Brother, looke how fir Richard actes his rage?

Fau. I

called Looke about you.

Fau. I came? I call? the man is like to dye,
Practise by th'emaffe, practise by the marry God,
Iohn loues me not, Prince Richard loues my wife,
I shall be charg'd heere, for a poysned knaue,
Practise by th'Lord, practise I see it cleare.

1660

Pur. And more Sir Richard, O Lord O Sir Richard,

Fa. What more? what haft thou more? what practise more?

Pur. O my box, my box, with the Kings armes, O my box,
O my box, it cost me, O Lord euery penny O, my box,

Rcib. And what of your box sir.

Dra. Mary fir it's lost, & tis wel knowne my Master keeps
no theeues in his house, O there was none but you and he.

Fau. O then belike thou thinkest I had his box,

1670

Pur. O fir Richard I will not, O Lord I will not charge you
for all the world, but, but, but for the warrant the olde King
signd to repreuee the Porter of the fleet, O God, O God!

Ioh. The Porter of the Fleet, the olde king signd,

Pur. I my good Lord, oh, oh,

Io. Is he repreiued then?

Pur. No my Lord, O fir Richard tooke it from me with his
owne hand, O.

Fau. Heeres a deuice to bring me in contempt
With the olde King, that I euer lou'd,
Princes and Shiriffe, you can witnesse with me,
That I haue bin with you, this after noone,
Onely with you, with no body but you,
And now a fellow whome the King would faue,
By a repreiued, this fellow fayes is hang'd,

1680

Io. If thou hadst done it, Ide haue iustified it,
But Richard I conceipt this iest already,
This mad mate Skinke, this honest merry knaue,
Meeting this Purseuant, and hearing tell
He had a warrant to repreuee a flauue,
Whome we would hang: stole it away from him.
This is sure the Iest, vpon my life it is,

1690

Pur. O but my warrant, how shall I doe? O,

Ric. But looke about you, hot braind brother Iohn,
And I beleue you'l finde it otherwife,

Gloster

A pleafant Commodity,

Gloster hath got the warrant in disguise,
And faw'd the fellow you fo faine would hang.

Io. No, no, how fay you M. Shiriffe, is he not hang'd?

Shi. My Lord, the gibbet was fet vp by noone

In the olde Bayly, and I charg'd my men,
If I returne not, though it were by Toarch light,
To fee him executed ere they come.

1700

Io. I am greedy to heare newes.

Fau. Rob'd of my chaine, out-fac'd I had a fwoord,
Accus'd of poyfoning, coufonge, seeking bloud?
Not to be borne: it is vntollerable.

Rich. Sir Richard, I prethee haue fome patience.

Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, talke not of patience,
It is intollerable, not to be borne.

Io. It is intollerable not to be borne,
A warrant brother, Faukenbridge a warrant?

1710

Fau. I faw no warrant, I defie you all.

Io. A flauue, a Purfuant, one winter borne.

Fau. I care not for thee that winter borne.

Pur. O it is I fir, that's my warrant.

Io. Ift you? you rogue, you drunkerd; ye are cheated,
And we are cheated of the prisoner,
Out dog, dog.

Pur. O ô ô ô my Lord.

Exit and Drawer.

Shi. Haue patience and we wil haue a priuy search.

1720

Io. Goe hang ye block-heads, get ye from my fighf,
O would I were a Bafiliske, to kill
These gleare ey'd villaines.

Shir. Come away let's leaue him. *Exit Shiriffes*
We haue a warrant let him doe his worft. *and Officers.*

Fau. Ile to Blacke-heath, Ile to the holy Hermit,
There shall I knowe not onely these deceiuers,
But how my wife playes fast and loose with Richard,
Ha, I shall fit them, Ile tickle them,

Ile doo't, Ile hence, Ile to the Heath amaine,

Exit. 1730

Io. There shall I know, where this damned Gloster is,
Ile haue the Deuils rouf'd to finde that Deuill,
Or else Ile coniure the olde Coniurer.

Ile

called Looke about you.

Ile to Blacke-heath, and there with friends conspire,
But Ile haue Glosters head my hearts desire.

Rich. Would mad Earle Robyn saw these humouristes.
Twol'd feed him fat with Laughter; O twold fit him,
Where euer he is, I knowe the bare consaite
Is better to him than his daintiest foode,
Well, and it fits mee well, now I haue time,
To coort my Lady Faukenbridge at leyfure,
Loue I emplore thy aide faire Cipria,
Thou sea-borne mother at affections ring,
Shine brightly in thy sphere, that at my starre,
My plannet thou of all lights most beautious,
Be thou to my desires Auspitios.

1740

Exit.

*Enter Robin Hood in the Lady Faukenbridges
gowne, night attire on his head.*

Sc. ii

Rob. O for this Lady, was never poore Gentleman troubled
with Gentlewoman as I am with my selfe, my Lady Fauken- 1750
bridge hath fitted me a turne, heere I am visted with sleeue-
lesse errands and with asking for this thing Madam and that
thing Madam, that they make me almost mad in earnest.
whoop heer's another Client.

Enter a Seruicingman.

Ser. Heer's my Lady Rawfords Page attends to speake with
your Ladyship.

Rob. I pray ye bid her Lordships Page come into my
Ladyship: well Robin Hood, part with these petticoates,
And cast these loose deuices from thy backe,
Ile nere goe more vntrust, never bee kercheft. 1760
Neuer haue this adoe, with what doe you lacke?

Enter Page.

Pag. Madam my Lady greets your honour kindely,
And fends you the first grapes of her young vine.

Rob I am much indepted to her honour, thers an angel for
you to drinke; set them vp till after supper. Humphery, pray
looke about for Blocke. Humphery? trust mee I thinke the
foole be lost.

Pa. No forsooth, Madam hee's vpon the greene Iestng 1770
with a stammerer, one Redcap.

G

Rob. it is

A pleasent Commodity

Rob. It is a lewd fellowe, pray bid him come in youth, Ile
glue him his welcome at the doore: commend me to your
Lady, I pray ye hartily. *Exit Page*

Humphrey, I maruell where sir Richard is so late? truely,
truely hee does not as beseemes a gentleman of his calling,
pray let some goe foorth to meete him on the greene, and
fend in that blockehead Blocke. *Exit Humphrey.*

Enter Redcap and Blocke after him.

Bloc. Wil ye tel tales ye asse, will ye? 1780

Red. Ile te te tell your La La Lady or I would to g God we
were ha hang'd else, as my fa father should haue bin.

Rob. Now what's the matter there I pray you? what com-
pany haue you there a gods name? where spend you the day
I pray?

Bloc. Why where you gaue me leaue, at the gallows I was,
no farther.

Red. A a and you be his La Lady, you are the La Lady Fau
Faukenbridge, the Earle of glo Glosters sister.

Rob. I am so fellow.

Red. Y y your man b b Blocke heere, does no nothing but f
f floute m me, a and cr cries r run Re Redcap ad ff see your f
f father ha ha hang'd. I sh shal g go neere to m make m mur-
der and he v vse it. 1790

Rob. Wel firra, leaue your mocking you were best, Ile bob
your beetle head and if you mocke him.

Blo. He's run Redcap.

Red. La la law ma Madam.

Rob. Away ye saucy foole, goe waite within.

Blo. Run Redcap, run Redcap.

Exit. 1800

Rob. Art thou the Porters sonne, that was condemned a-
bout my brother Gloster?

Red. I g g God be with ye, I am the p p Porters son, I m must
r run to f f seeke your b br brother.

Rob. Wel, drinke that fellow, if thou finde my brother bee
not too violent, and Ile reward thee.

Red. I th th thanke ye h hartily, and I had not bin coufoned
with Sk Skinke, I had no nee need of these ia iaunts, for Gl
Gloster was f safe enough.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter Blocke and the Porter with his cloake muffled.

1810

Blo. Ah farewell Redcap.

Red. Fa fare we wel and be ha hang.

Exit.

Rob. You'll neuer leauue your knauery, whose there more?

Blo. One Madam that hath commendations to you from your brother.

Rob. Comtest thou from Gloster? thou art welcome friend

Blo. O it's one of the kindest Ladies (though she wil now & then haue about with Block) that euer breath'd, and she had been in her mood now, Redcap would haue made her such sp sp sport as't a pa pa past.

1820

Rob. Wil you make sport and see who knockes againe?

Bl. Our gates are like an Anuile, from foure to ten, nothing but knicke a knocke vpon't.

Exit.

Rob. Wil you be gone sir? honest friend I am glad

My brother Gloster got thy liberty,
Whose flight was cause of thy captiuity:
Nor shal there be in vs such negligence,
Though thou haue lost thy Office and thy house,
But we wil see thee better farre prouided,
Than when thou wert porter in the Fleete.

1830

Enter Blocke.

Blo. Madam your olde friend Prince Richard,
All alone, making mone, fetching many a greeuous grone.

Rob. Prince Richard come so late? lights to his chamber,
Sirra, in any case say I am sicke.

Blo. Very sicke, sicke and like to dye: Ile sing it and you wil.

Ro. Away ye knaue, tel him, in the morning
Ile humbly waite vpon his excellency.

Blo. That's all his desire to haue ye lowly and humble, and
tis a courteous thing in a Lady.

Exit. 1840

Ro. Hence, or else ile set you hence: goe in good friend.
Come Lady Faukenbridge, it's time to come,
Robin can holde out no longer I see,
Hot wooers will be tempters preſently.

Exit

Sc. xii

Enter Skinke like a Hermit.

Ski. Now holy Skinke in thy religiouse weed,
Looke out for purchase, or thy wonted clyants:

A pleafant Commodity

Warrents quoth you, I was fairely warrented,
Young Robin Hood the Earle of Huntington,
Shall neuer fetch me more vnto his Prince.

1850

Enter Ladie Faukenbridge in Merchants wiues attyre.

But *pauca verba* Skinke, a prize, a prize,
By th'mas a pretty girle, close Hermit close,
Ore-heare if thou canſt, what ſhe defiſes,
For ſo my cunning and my credit ſpreads.

La. See how affection armes my feeble strength,
To this ſo desperate iourneying all alone,
While Robin Hood young Earle of Huntington,
Playes Lady Faukenbridge for me at home.

Ski. What miſtery is this? the Lady Faukenbridge,
It's ſhe, ſweet fortune thou haſt ſent her wel,
I will intice this morcell to my Cell:
Her husband's iealous, I will giue him cauſe,
As he beleueſ, I hope it ſhall ſucceſſe;
Nay fwounds it ſhal, ſhe's mine in ſcorne of ſpeed.

La. By this broad beaten path, it ſhould appeare,
The holy Hermits Cauſe cannot be farre,
And if I erre not, this is he himſelfe.

Ski. What houour'd tongue enquereth for the Hermit?

La. What honour'd tongue?

Ski. I Lady Faukenbridge,
I know ye, and I know for what you come,
For Gloſter and your husbands iealousie.

La. O thou, whose eye of contemplation,
Lookes through the windows of the highest heauens,
Reſolute thy Hand-maide, where Earle Gloſter liues:
And whether he ſhal liue, and ſcape the hate,
Of proude young Henry and his brother Iohn?

Ski. Ile haue you firſt in, Ile tel you more anone.
Madam, they ſay buſhes haue eares and eyes,
And theſe are matters of great ſecrecy:
And you'll vouchſafe enter my holy Cell,
There what you long to know, ile quickly tell.

Enter Iohn and Faukenbridge.

La. Stay heere are ſtrangers.

Ski. A

1870

1880

called Looke about you.

Ski. A plague vpon them, come they in the nicke,
To hinder Raynald of his Foxes tricke?

Jo. Good day olde Hermit.

Fau. So to you faire Dame.

Io. By Elinors gray eye she's faire indeed ;
Sweet heart come ye for holy benizons ?
Hermit haft thou good custome with such Clients ?
I cannot blame your feates, your iugling trickes,
Plague iuggle you.

1890

La. Why cursse ye sacred worth ?

Fau. Ill done in sooth my Lord, very ill done,
Wrong holines : a very pretty woman.
Mocke grauity ; by the maffe a cherry lippe,
A it's not wel done, deride a holy Hermit ?

Io. I haue it in my purse shall make amends.

1900

Ski. His purse and yours, shall make me some amends,
For hindring me this morning from the Lady ;
For scaring me at Tauerne yesternight,
For hauing backe your chaine, Ile fit you both.

Io. Hermit, a word.

Fau. A word with you faire mistresse.

Io. Where lye your deuils that tel all your newes ?
Would you would trouble them for halfe an houre,
To know what's become of traytor Gloster,
That in my cloathes brake prison in the Fleete ?

1910

Ski. No, it was Skinke.

Jo. Come olde foole yee dote.

Ski. But heare me.

Fau. Heare him Prince.

Io. Swounds who heares you ? Ile make your Lady graft ye
for this worke : but to your tale sir.

Ski. Knowe thrife honour'd Prince, that Skinke did cousen
Redcap of his cloathes.

Gloster did couzen Skinke, and so escapt.

Jo. Well done Faukenbridge ?

1920

Fau. My Lord, he tels you true.

Jo. You finde it on her lippes : but forward sir.

Ski. Twas Skinke in Glosters gowne, whome you did visit,
That

A pleasant Commodity

That playd at bowles and after stole your cloths,
While you went into the Lord Moortons chamber.

Io. This fauors of some truth,

Fau. Tis very like,

Job. Well Faukenbridge by heauen Ile tell your wife,

Fau. She'l much beleeue you: you will come?

Tell me of my wife: this euening faile me not.

1930

My wife quoth you: Ile fend my wife from home,

Do, tell my wife prince Iohn, by my deare mother,

I loue her too too well to like another.

La. It seemes so fox, O what a world is this,

There most sinne raynes where leaft suspition is,

Fau. You'l come.

La. I will not faile, I warrant you,

Jo. Hermit is all this true,

Ski. Himselfe deliuer not so much before ye sleepe,

Roote me from out the borders of this Realme.

1940

Jo. Well by your leauue sir Richard Faukenbridge,

Hence free from feare, you'l melt you'l melt olde man,

Fau. Nay take her to you, she is a shrow I warrant,

Ile to the holy Hermit, and inquire,

About my chaine, your fword, the Purseuant

And other matters that I haue to aske,

Ski. Your welcome good sir Richard,

Io. Nay doe not stand on tearmes, I am fire, all life,

Nor neuer tell me that I haue a wife.

I doe not meane to marry, ye think so,

1950

But to be merry, you the manner knowe.

And you will haue me, haue me, poynt a meeting,

Ile be your true loue, you shall be my sweeting,

If you deny to promise, this is plaine

Ile haue my will eare you get home againe.

La. most gratiouse Lord.

Io. Tut tell not me of grace I like no goodnes but a beauti-
ous face.

Be therefore breefe, giue me your hand & fweare,

Or Ile away with you into the heath,

1960

Neither shall Faukenbridge nor Hermit helpe,

And

called Looke about you.

And what I doe Ile answer well enough.

La. Why, then my Lord.

Jo. Nay do not stand on then,
But tell me when my Lord shall haue you Lady,
Its presently, ile venter for a baby.

La. This night at stepney by my summer house,
There is a tauerne which I sometime vse,
When we from London come a goffloping,
It is the Hinde.

1970

Jo. Giue me thy pretty hand.
Thou'l meet me at the Hinde, Ile by thy Roe,

La. One word's enough,

Job. Suffice then be it so,

La. Ile fit my olde adulterer and your grace,
Ile send the Princeffe thether in my place.

Fa. Prince Iohn, Prince Iohn, the Hermit teles me wonders.
He fayes it was Skinke that scapt vs at the Tauerne,
Skinke had my chaine: nay sure that Skinke did all.

Skin. I say goe but to yonder corner,
And ere the Sun be halfe an hower higher,
Ther will the theefe attempt a robbery,

1980

Jo. Who Skinke?

Fau. Will Skinke?

Ski. I Skinke vpon my word.

Fau. Shal we goe seaze vpon him good Prince Iohn?

Jo. Nay we will haue him that's no question.
And yet not hurte the honest rogue.
he'll helpe vs well in quest of changeing Gloster,
Hermit farewell, Lady keepe your houre.

1990

Fau. Adeiu olde Hermit: foone in th'euening Lafle,

La. Ile meet you both, and meet with both of you.
Father what answere doe you giue to me?

Ski. Lady start downe I must into my cell,
Where I am curing of a man late hurt,
He dreft, I must vnto my Orizons,
In halfe an houre al wil be dispatcht,
And then I will attend your Ladyship.

La. At your best leasure father, O the life

That

A pleafant Commodity

That this thrife reuerend Hermit leadeth heere.
How farre remote from mortall vanities,
Baites to the soule, enticements to the eye ?
How farre is he vnlike my lustfull Lord ?
Who being giuen himselfe to be vnchaste,
Thinke all men like himselfe, in their effects,
And iniures me, that neuer had a thought,
To wrong the sacred rytes of spotleffe faith.

2000

*Enter Skinke with a patch on his face, and a Faulconers lure
in his hand.*

Ski. Hermit farewel, ile pay ye or speake with ye next time 2010
I see yee. Sweete mouse the Hermit bids you stay heere,
he'll visit you anon. Now Iohn and Faukenbridge, Ile match
yee, and I doe not say Skinke's a wretch, a wren, a worme,
when I haue trickt them, Madam I will trimme you. Com-
modity is to be prefer'd before pleasure. About profit Skink,
for crownes for crownes, that make the kingly thoughts.

La. I am affur'd that man's some murderer, Exit.
Good Father Hermit speake and comfort me,
Are ye at prayers good olde man ? I pray ye speake,
What's heere a beard ? a counterfeited hayre ? 2020
The Hermits portes ? garments and his beades ?
Iesus defend me I will fly this denne,
It's some theeuues caue, no haunt for holy men.
What if the murderer, (as I ges him one)
Set on my husband, tush Prince Iohn and hee
Are able to defend them noble felues,
How eare, I will not tarry, Ile away,
Least vnto theft and rape, I prooue apray. Exit.

Enter Skinke Solus.

Skin. Younder they are Ile fit them, heer's my ground : Sc. xiii
Wa ha how, wa ha how, wa ha how ? 2031

Enters Faukenbridge.

Fau. I warrant ye my Lord some man's distrest.

Job. Why man tis a Faulconer.

Fau. Mary

called Looke about you.

Fa. Mary of me good fellow, I did think thou hadst bin rob'd.

Ski. Rob'd, fir no, he that comes to rob me shal haue a hard match on't, yet two good fellows had like to bin rob'd by one tall theefe, had not I stept in: abots on him, I lost a hauke by him, & yet I car'd not to fend another after him, so I could find the theefe; and here about he is. I know he is squatted. 2040

Fau. Sayst thou me so? we'l finde him by S. Mary.

An honest fellow, a good common wealths man.

Io. There are caues heereabout good fellow, are there not?

Ski. Yes fir, tread the ground fir, & you shal heare their hollownes, this way fir this way.

Io. Help Faukenbridge.

Fau. O help me good prince John.

Skin. Ile helpe you both, deliuer fir deliuer, Swounds linger not: Prince John put vp your purfse, or ile throw poniards downe vpon your pate. Quickeley, when? I am Skink 2050 that scapt ye yesternight, and fled the Fleete in your cloake, carrying mee cleane out of winde and raine. I broke the bonds and linkes that fettered your chaine amity, this cheate is mine: Farewel I cannot stay, sweet Prince, olde Knight, I thanke ye for this pray.

Fau. Gods mary mother, heer's a iest indeed,

We came to take, a theefe takes vs:

Where are ye good my Lord?

Io. No matter where, I thinke I was fore-spoken at \hat{y} teate, This damn'd rogue seru'd me thus? Gloster and he 2060
Vpon my life conclude in villany.

He was not wont to plot these stratagems,
Lend me your hand a little, come away,
Let's to the Cell againe, perchaunce the Hermit
Is Skinke, and theefe, and Hermit al in one.

Fau. Mary a God then ten to one its so,
Wel thought on Princely Iohn,
He had my chayne, no doubt he had your fwoord.

Io. If there be now no Hermit at the Cel, 2069
Ile sweare by al the Saints its none but he.

Exeunt.

*Enter Gloster in the Hermits gowne, putting
on the beard.*

Sc. xii

A pleafant Commodity

Glo. This accident hath hit thy humour Gloster,
From purfeuant ile turne a Hermit now.
Sure he that keeps this Cell is a counterfeit,
Else what does he heere with false hayre and beard ?
Well how so eare it be, Ile feeme to be
The holy Hermit: for such fame there is,
Of one accounted reuerend on this heath.

Enter Skinke.

2080

Ski. Ile faine vnto my cell, to my faire Lady,
But Iohn and Faukenbridge are at my heeles.
And some od mate is got into my gowne,
And walks deuoutly like my counterfeite,
I cannot stay to question with you now,
I haue another gowne, and all things fit,
These guests once rid, new mate ? Ile bum, Ile marke you.

Gl. What's he a gods name ? he is quickly gone,
I am for him, were he Robin-good fellow,
Whose yonder the Prince Iohn and Faukenbridge ?
I thinke they haunt me like my *genii*,
One good the other ill, by th'mas they prye
And looke vpon me but suspicioosly.

2090

Io. This is not Skinke, the Hermit is not Skinke :
He is a learned reuerend holy man.

Fau. He is he is a very godly man.
I warrant ye, he's at his booke at's prayers,
Wee should haue tooke you, by my hollydam
Euen for a very theefe.

(me so,

Glo. Now God forfend such noblemen as you should geffe 2100
I neuer gaue such cause for ought I knowe.

Job. Yet thou didst tell vs Skinke should doe a robery,
Appoynted vs the place, and there we found him,

Fau. And he felt vs, for he hath rob'd vs both.

Glo. He's a lewd fellow, but he shall be taken.

Io. I had rather heere of Gloster then of him.

Glo Gloster did cheat him, of the same golde chaine,
That deceiu'd Sir Richard Faukenbridge.

He got your fword Prince Iohn: twa's he that faude
The porter, and beguil'd the Purfeuant,

2110

Job. A

called Looke about you.

Job. A vengaunce on him.

Glo. Doo not curse good Prince, he's bad enough, twere
better pray for him.

Jo. Ile kill thee, and thou bid me pray for him.
Ile fell woods, and ring thee round with fire,
Make thee an offring vnto fierce reuenge,
If thou haue but a thought to pray for him.

Glo. I am bound to pray for all men, chefely christians.

Job. Ha ha, for christians, thinkst thou he is one ?
For men: haft thou opinion he is a man ?
He that changes himselfe to fundry shapes,
Is he a christian ? can he be a man ?
O, Irreligious thoughts,

2120

Glo. Why worthy Prince I saw him chrishtened, dept into
Jo. Then nyne times like the northen laplanders, (the font
He backward circled the sacred Font,
And nyne times backward sayd his Orifons,
As often curst the glorious hoast of heauen,
As many times inuocke the fiends of hell,
And so turn'd witch, for Gloster is a witch.

2130

Glo. Haue patient Gentle Prince, he shall appeare,
Before your Kingly father speedily.

Jo. Shall he indeed ? sweet comfort kisse thy cheeke,
Peace circle in thy aged honoured head,
When he is taken : Hermit I protest
Ile build thee vp a chappell and a shrine :
Ile haue thee worshipt, as a man deuine,
Affuse he shall come, and Skinke shall come.

Glo. I that same Skinke, I prethee send that Skinke,
Job. Send both, and both as prisoners criminante
Shall forfeite their last liues to Englands state,
Which way will Faukenbridge ?

2140

Fau. Ouer the water, and so with al speed I may to Stepney
Jo. I must to Stepney too, and reuile, and be blith,
Olde winke at my mirth, t'may make amends,
So thou, and I, and our friends, may be friends,

Fau. Withall my heart, withall my heart Prince,
Olde Faukenbridge will waite vpon your grace,

A pleafant Commodity,

Be good to Gloster for my Marrians sake,
And me and myne you shall your seruants make,

2150

Glo. Of that anon my pleasure being seru'd,
Gloster shall haue what Gloster hath deseru'd.

Fau. Why, that's well said, adew good honest Hermit, *Exit.*

Io. Hermit farewell, if I had my desire,
Ile make the world thy wonderous deeds admire, *Exit.*

Glo. Still good, still passing good, Gloster is still
Henryes true hate, foe to Johns froward will.

2160

No more of that for them in better tyme,

If this same Hermit be an honest man,

He will protect me by this simble life,

If not I care not, Ile be euer Gloster,

Make him my foot stole if he be a flauue,

For Baseneffe ouer worth can haue no power.

Robin be thinke thee, thou art come from Kings,

Then scorne to be flauue to vnderlings,

Looke well about thee Lad and thou shalt see,

Them burst in enuy that would iniure thee.

Hermit Ile meet you in your Hermits gowne,

Honest, Ile loue you: worse, Ile knocke you downe. *Exit.*

Enter Prince Richard with musicke.

Sc. xv

Kinde friends, wee haue troubled Lady Faukenbridge,

And eyther she's not willing to be feene,

2172

Or els not well: or with our boldnesse greeu'd,

To ease these I haue brought you to this window,

Knowing your are in musicke excellent,

I haue pend a ditty heere: and I desire

You would sing it for her loue and my content,

Musi. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Robin Hood like the Lady.

Rob. Your excellency forgets your Princely worth,

2180

If I may humbly craue it at your hands,

Let me desire this musicke be dismift,

Ric. For beare I pray and with draw your felues.

Be not offended gratioues Marrian, *Exeunt Musicke.*

Vnder the vpper heauen, nine goodly spheres,

Turne

called Looke about you.

Turne with a motion euer musicall,
In Pallaces of Kings, meliodious sounds,
Offer pleasures to ther soueraignes eares.
In Temples, milke white clothed queristors,
Sing sacred Anthemes bowing to the shrine, 2190
And in the feelds whole quires of winged clarke,
Salutes the morning bright and Christaline,
Then blame not me, you are my heauen, my Queene,
My faint, my comfort, brighter then the morne,
To you all musicke, and all praise is due.
For your delight you for delight was borne,
The world wold haue no mirth, no ioy, no day,
If from the world your beautie were away.

Rob. Fie on loues blasphemie and forgery,
To call that in, that's onely misery, 2200
I that am wedded to suspitious age,
Solicited by your lasciuious youth,
I that haue one poore conforte liuing,
Gloster my brother, my hie harted brother,
He flies for feare, least he should faint and fall
Into the hands of hate tirannicall.

Ric. What would you I should doe?

Rob. I would full faine, my brother Gloster had his peace
againe.

Ric. Shall loue be my reward if I doe bring
A certaine token of his good estate, 2210
And after pacyfie my brothers wrath?
Say you'l loue, we'l be fortunate,

Rob. I will.

Rich. No more, I vow to dye vnblest
If I performe not this inposed quest,
But one word Madam pray can you tell,
Where Huntington my ward is?

Rob. I was bold to send yong Robin Hood your noble ward
Vpon some busines of import for me. 2220

Ri. I am glad he is imployde in your affayres,
Farewell kinde faire, let one cloudy frowne
Shaddow the bright sunne of thy beauties light.

A pleafant Commodity,

Be confident in this, ile finde thy brother,
Rayfe power but we'l haue peace, onely performe
Your gratiouſe promife at my backe returne.

Rob. Wel, heer's my hand, Prince Richard that fame night
Which ſecondeth the day of your returne,
Ile be your bedfellow, and from that houre
Forswear the loathed bed of Faukenbridge : 2230
Be ſpeedy therefore, as you hope to ſpeed.

Ric. O that I were as large wing'd as the winde,
Then ſhould you ſee my expeditious will :
My moft deſire, adew, gueſſe by my hafe,
Of your ſweete promife the delicious taste. *Exit.*

Rob. Why ſo : I am rid of him by this deuife,
He would elſe haue tyred me with his fighes and ſongs,

Enter Blocke.

But now I ſhall haue eafe, heere comes the Saint,
To whom ſuſt was made. 2240

Bl. My Lady Gentlewoman is eue n heere in her priuitley
walke, Madam heer's the Marchants wife was heere yester-
day would ſpeakē with yee ; O I was ſomewhaſt bolde to
bring her in.

Ro. Wel leauē vs fir ; y'are welcome gentlewoman.

Blo. Theſe women haue no liberality in the world in them,
I neuer let in man to my Lady, but I am rewarded.

Rob. Pleafe ye to walke fir ? wherfore mumble ye ?

La. Robin what newes ? how haſt thou done this night ?

Ro. My Ladifhip hath done my part, my taske, 2250
Lyne all alone for lacke of company,
I might haue had Prince Richard,

La. Was he heere ?

Rob. He went away but now ; I haue bin lou'd & wood too
God rid me of the woman once againe, (ſimply,
Ile not be tempted ſo for all the world,
Come, wil you to your chamber and vncafe ?

La. Nay keep my habit yet a little while,
Olde Faukenbridge is almoſt at the gate,
I met him at Black heath iuſt at the Hermits,
And taking me to be a Merchants wife, 2260

Fell

called Looke about you.

Fell mightily in loue, gaue me his ring,
Made me protest that I would meete him heere.
I tolde him of his Lady, O tut quoth he,
Ile shake her vp, ile packe her out of sight,
He comes kinde Robin Hood, holde vp the iest.

Enter Sir Rich. Faukenbridge and Blocke.

Fau. Gods mary knaue, how long hath she bin heere ?

Blo. Sir she came but euen in afore you.

Fa. A cunning queane, a very cunning queane,
Go to your busines Block, ile meete with her. (wards. *Exit.*)

Blo. Ah old Muttonmounger I beleue heer's worke to-

Fau. Doe not beleue her Mall, doe not beleue her :
I onely spake a word or two in iest,
But would not for the world haue bin so mad,
Doe not beleue her Mall, doe not beleue her :

Rob. What should I not beleue ? what doe you meane ?

La. Why good Sir Richard, let me speake with you,
Alas wil you vndoe me ? wil you shame me ?
Is this your promise ? came I heere for this ?

To be a laughing stocke vnto your Lady

Rob. How now Sir Richard, what's the matter there ?

Fa. Ile talke with you anon, come hyther woman ?
Didst not tel my wife what match we made : ?

La. I tel your wife ? thinke ye I am such a beast ?
Now God forgiue ye, I am quite vndone.

Fau. Peace duck, peace ducke, I warrant al is wel.

Rob. What's the matter ? I pray ye sir Richard tell me ?

Fau. Mary Mall thus, about some twelue monthes since,
Your brother Gloster, that mad prodigall,
Caus'd me to passe my word vnto her husband,
For some two thousand pound : or more perchaunce,
No matter what it is, you shall not know,
Nay ye shal never aske to know.

Rob. And what of this ?

Fau. Mary the man's decayde,
And I beleue a little thing would please her ;
A very little thing, a thing of nothing.
Goe in good Mall, and leaue vs two alone,

2270

2280

2290

A pleafant Commodity

Ile deale with ye as simply as I can.

2300

La. Fox looke about ye, ye are caught yfaith.

Rob. Deale with her simply, ô ho; what kinde of dealing? Can ye not deale with her and I be by?

Fau. Mary a God, what are ye iealous? Ye teach me what to doe: in, get you in.

O I haue heard Prince Richard was your gueft,
How dealt you than? In get you in I say,
Must I take care about your brothers debts,
And you stand crossing me, in, or ile fend you in. *Exit Robin.*
Ha firra, you'l be master, you'l weare the yellow,
You'l be an ouer-seer: mary shal yee.

2310

La. Ye are too curft (methinkes fir) to your Lady;

Fau. Ah wench content thee, I must beare her hard,
Else sh'e'll be prining into my dalliances:
I am an olde man sweet girle I must be merry,
All steele, al spright, keep in health by change,
Men may be wanton, wowen must not range.

La. You haue giuen good counsel fir, ile repent me,
Heer's your ring, ile onely loue my husband.

Fau. I meane not so, I thinke to day thou toldes me
Thy husband was an vnthrift, and a bankrout,
And he be so, tut thou haft fauour store,
Let the knaue beg, beauty cannot be poore.

La. Indeed my husband is a bankrout,
Of faith, of loue, of shame, of chaftity,
Dotes vpon other women more then me.

Fau. Ha doe he so? then giue him tit for tat,
Haue one so young and faire, and loues another,
He's worthy to be coockolded by the masse.
What is he olde or young?

2320

La. About your age.

Fa. An old knaue and cannot be content with such a peate,
Come to my closet girle, make much of me,
We'll appoint a meeting place some twise a weake,
And ile maintaine thee like a Lady, ha?

La. O but you'll forget me prefently,
When you looke well vpon your Ladies beauty.

2330

Fau. Who

called Looke about you.

Fau. Who vpon her? why she is a very dowdy,
A dishclout, a foule Lipsie vnto thee,
Come to my closet lasse, there take thy earnest
Of loue, of pleasure and good maintenaunce.

2340

La. I am very fearefull.

Fau. Come foole never feare I am Lord heare, who shall
disturb as then?
Nay come, or by the rood Ile make you come,
La. Help Madam Faukenbridge for gods sake.

Enter Robin Hood and Blocke.

Fau. How now, what meanst?

La. Help Gentle Madam help,

Rob. How now what aylst thou?

Bloc. Nay andt be a woman, nere feare my master Madam

La. Why speakest thou not, what aylst thou?

Fau. Why nothing, by the rood nothing she ayls.

La. O Madam this vile man would haue abused me,
And forset me to his closet,

Rob. Ah olde cole, now looke about, you are catcht,

La. Call in your fellowes blocke,

Fa. Doe not thou knaue,

La. Doe or Ile cracke your crowne,

Blo. Nay Ile doo't, I knowe she meanes to shame you. *Exit.* 2360

Fau. Why Mall wilt thou beleeue this paultrie woman?
Huswife Ile haue you whipt for flaundring me.

Ro. What Leacher, no she is an honest woman,
Her husband's well knowne, all the houshold knowes.

Blo. Heer's some now, to tell all the towne your mynd,

La. Before ye all I must sure complaine,
You see this wicked man, and ye all knowe
How oft he hath byn Jealous of my life,
Suspecting falsehood being false himselfe;

Blo. O maister, O maister,

Fau. She flaunders me. she is a coufoning queane,
Fetch me the Constable, Ile haue her punisht,

2370

La. The Constable for me fie, fie vpon ye.
Madam do you know this ring?

Rob. It is sir Richards.

A pleasant Commodity

Blo. O I, that's my masters too sure.

Fau. I mary, I did lend it to the false drab
To fetch some money for that bankrout knaue
Her husband, that lyes prisoner in the Fleete.

La. My husband bankrout³ my husband in the Fleete priso- 2380
No, no, he is as good a man as you. (ner?)

Rob. I that he is, and can spend pound for pound
With thee yfaith, wert richer then thou art,
I know the gentleman.

La. Nay Madam he is hard by, there must be Reuelles at the
Hinde to night;
Your copesmate there, Prince John.

Rob. Ther's a hot youth.

Bl. O, a fierce Gentleman.

La. He was fierce as you, but I haue matcht him, 2390
The Princeffe shall be there in my attyre.

Fau. A plaguy crafty queane, mary a God
I see Prince Iohn, coorted as well as I,
And since he shal be mockt as well as I,
Its some contentment.

Bl. Maffe he droopes, fellow Humphrey, he is almost taken,
Looke about ye old Richard ?

Fau. Hence knaues, get in a little, prethee Mall
Let thou and I and she, shut vp this matter.

Rob. Away sirs, get in.

2400

Bl. Come, come let's goe, he wil be baited now, farewel old

Rob. Now fir, what fay you now ? (Richard. *Exit*)

Fa. Mary sweet Mall I say I met this woman, likt her, lou'd
For she is worthy loue I promise thee; (her,
I say I coorted her: tut make no braule
Twixt thou and I, we'l haue amends for all.

Ro. Had I done such a tricke, what then ? what then ?

Fau. Ah prethee Mall, tut beare with men.

Rob. I, we must beare with you; you'l be excus'd,
When women vndeserued are abus'd.

2410

Fau. Nay doe not weep, pardon me gentle Lady,
I know thee vertuous, and I doo protest,
Neuer to haue an euill thought of thee.

Rob. I

called Looke about you.

Rob. I, I, ye sweare, who's that that will beleue ye?

Fau. Now by my holydam and honest faith,
This Gentlewoman shall witnes what I sweare.

Sweet Ducke a little help me?

La. Trust him Madam.

Fau. I will be kinde, credulous, constant euer,
Doe what thou wilt, ile be suspitious never.

2420

Ro. For which I thanke noble Faukenbridge.

Fau. Body of me who's this? yong Huntington?

La. And I your Lady whome you coorted last,
Ye lookt about you ill, foxe we haue caught ye,
I met ye at Blache heath, and ye were hot.

Fau. I knew thee Mall, now by my sword I knew thee,
I winkt at all, I laught at euery iest.

Rob. I, he did winke, the blinde man had an eye.

Fa. Peace Robin, thou't once be a man as I.

La. Well, I must beare it all.

2430

Fa. Come, & ye beare, its but your office, come forget sweet

La. I doe forgiue it, and forget it fir. (Mall.

Fa. Why that's well said, that's done like a good girle:
Ha firra, ha you matcht me pretty Earle?

Rob. I haue, ye see fir I must vnto Blache heath,
In quest of Richard, whom I sent to seeke
Earle Gloster out, I know he's at the Hermits;
Lend me your Coach; Ile shift me as I ride,
Farewell fir Richard.

Exit.

Fau. Farewell Englands pride, by the mattins Mall it is a 2440
pretty childe;

Shall we goe meete Iohn? shall we goe mocke the Prince?

La. We will.

Fa. O then we shall haue sport anon,
Neuer weare yellow Mall, twas but a tricke,
Olde Faukenbridge wil stiil be a mad Dicke.

Exit.

Sc. xvii

Enter Redcap and Gloster.

Red. Doe ye fffay fa fa father Hermit, th that Gl Gloster is
about this Heath?

Glo. He is vpon this Heath, Sonne looke about it, 2450
Run but the compasse, thou shalt finde him out,

A pleafant Commodity

Red. R r run? ile r run the co compasse of all k Kent but Ile f
finde him out, my f f father (where ere hee layes his head)
dare ne neuer co come home I know, t t till hee bee fo fo
found.

Gl. Wel thou shalt find him, knowſt thou who's a hunting?

Red. M m mary tis the Earles of La La Lancaster and Le
Leyster. Fa fa farewell f father, and I finde Skink or Glo Glo-
ster, Ile g g giue thee the pr prise of a penny p p pudding for
thy p paines.

2460

Glo. Adew good friend: this is ſure the fellow
I ſent on meſſage from the Parlament.
The Porters ſonne, he's ſtill in queſt of me,
And Skinke that conuoned him of his red cap.

Enter Richard like a Seruинг man.

But looke about thee Gloſter, who comes yonder?
O a plaine ſeruингman, & yet perhaps his bags are lyn'd,
And my purſſe now growes thin: if he haue any I muſt ſhare

Enter Skinke like a Hermit. (with him.

And who's on yond ſide? O it is my Hermit,
Hath got his other ſute ſince I went foorth.

2470

Ski. Sbloud yonder's company, ile backe againe,
Else I would be with you counterfeite,
Ile leaue the rogue till opportunity,
But neuer eate till I haue quit my wrong.

Exit

Ric. I ſaw two men attend like holy Hermits,
One's ſlipt away, the other at his beades,
Now Richard for the loue of Marian,
Make thy inquiry where mad Gloſter liues.
If England or the verge of Scotland holde him,
Ile ſeeke him thus diſguis'd: if he be paſt
To any forraigne part; ile follow him.

2480

Loue thou art Lord of hearts, thy lawes are ſweet,
In euery troubled way, thou guidſt our feete.
Louers inioyn'd to paſſe the daungerous Sea
Of big ſwolne ſorrow, in the Barke affection;
The wiſdes and waues of woe need neuer feare,
While Loue, the helme doth like a Pylate ſteare.

Glo. Heer's ſome louer come, a miſchiefe on him,

called Looke about you.

I know not how to answere these mad fooles,
But ile be briefe, ile marre the Hermits tale;
Off gowne, holde Buckler, slice it bilbowe blade.

2490

Ric. What's this? what should this meane? old man, good

Glo. Young foole deliuier else see your end. (friend

Ric. I thought thou hadst been holy and a Hermit.

Glo. What ere you thought, your purfse? come quickly sir?
Cast that vpon the ground, and then conferre.

Ric. There it is.

Glo. Falles it so heauy? then my heart is light.

Ric. Thou't haue a heauy heart before thou touch it,
Theft shrinde in holy weedes? stand to't y'are best.

2500

Glo. And if I doe not, seeing such a pray,
Let this be to me a disaister day.

Ric. Art thou content to breath? *Fight & part once or twise*

Glo. With al my heart, take halfe thy money & we'l friend-

Ric. I will not cherish theft. (ly part.

Glo. Then I defye thee. *Fight againe and breath.*

Ric. Alas for pitty, that so stout a man,
So reuerend in aspect, should take this course.

Glo. This is no common man with whom I fight,
And if he be, he is of wondrous spright,
Shall we part stakes?

2510

Ric. Fellow take the purfse vpon condition thou wilt fol-

Glo. What waite on you? weare a turn'd Liuery? (low me?
Whose man's your master? If I be your man,
My mans mans office will be excellent:

There lyes your purfse againe, win it and weare it. *Fight.*

Enter Robin Hood, they breath, offer againe.

Rob. Clashing of weapons at my welcome hyther?
Bickring vpon Blacke-heath, well said olde man,
Ile take thy side, the yonger hath the oddes.
Stay, end your quarrell, or I promise ye
Ile take the olde mans part.

2520

Ric. You were not wont yong Huntington, stil on Richards

Rob. Pardon gratiouse Prince I knew ye not. (side

Gl. Prince Richard: then lye enuy at his foote,
Pardon thy couesen Gloster, valiant Lord,

A pleafant Commodity

I knew no common force confroneted myne,
O heauen I had the like conseite of thine.

Ric. I tell thee Robin Gloster thou art met,
Bringing such comfort vnto Richards heart,
As in the foyle of warre when dust and sweat,
The thirst of weake, and the Sunnes fiery heate,
Haue feazd vpon the soule of valiaunce,
And he must faint except he be refresht,
To me thou comft as if to him should come,
A perry from the North, whose frostie breath
Might fan him coolnesse in that doubt of death.
With me then meets, as he a spring might meet,
Cooling the earth vnder his toyle partcht feet,
Whose christall moysture in his Helmit taine,
Comforts his spyrits, makes him strong againe.

2530

Glo. Prince, in short termes if you haue brought me com-
fort
Know if I had my pardon in this hand
That smit base Skinke in open Parlament,
I would not come to Court, till the high feast
Of your proud brothers birth day be expyred,
For as the olde King as he made a vow
At his vnluckie Coronation,
Must waite vpon the boy and fill his cuppe,
And all the Pieres must kneele while Henry kneeles
Vnto his cradle; he shall hang me vp,
Eare I commit that vile Idolatrie.
But when the feast is past if you'll befrend me,
Ile come and braue my proud foes to their teeth,

2550

Ric. Come Robin, and if my brothers grace denye,
Ile take thy parte, them and their threates defye,

Glo. Gramercy Princly Dicke,

Rob. I haue some power, I can rayse two thousand Soldiers
in an hower,

2560

Glo. Gramercy Robin, gramercy little wag,
Prince Richard, pray let Huntington
Carry my sister Faukenbridge this ring,

Ric. Ile carry it my selfe, but I had rather
Had thy kinde company, thou mightst haue mou'd

Thy

called Looke about you.

Thy Sister, whome I long haue vainely lou'd,

Glo. I like her that she shunes temptation

Prince Richard, but I beare with doting louers,

I should not take it well, that you vrge me

To such an office: but I beare with you,

Loue's blindand mad, hie to her boldly, try her;

But if I know she yeeld, faith Ile defie her,

2570

Ric. I like thy honorable resolusion,

Gloster I pray thee pardon my intreat,

Glo. its mens custome; part part Gentle Prince,

Farwell good Robin, this gold I will borrow,

Meet you at stepney pay you all to morrow,

Rob. A dew Gloster,

Gl. Farwell, be short; you gone, I hope to haue a little sport

Ric: Take heed mad Cuz.

Exeunt. 2580

Glo. Tut tell not me of heed,

He that's too wray neuer hath good speed.

Hollowing within, Enter Lanc. with a broken staffe in his hand.

Whose this old Lancaster my honoured frend?

Lan. These knaues haue feru'd me well, left me alone,
I haue hunted fairely, lost my purse, my chaine,
My Iewels, and bin bangd hy a bold knaue,
Clad in a Hermits gowne like an olde man,
O what a world is this? *Glo.* Its ill my Lord.

Lan. Hee's come againe, O knaue tis the worse for thee, 2590
Keep from me, be content with that thou haft,
And see thou flie this heath, for if I take thee,
Ile make thee to all theeues aspectacle,
Had my staffe held, thou hadst not scaped me so,
But come not neare me, follow not thou art best,
Holla, Earle Leyster, holla Huntsman hoe?

Glo. Vppon my life, old Lancaster a Hunting,
Hath met my fellow Hermit, could I meet him,
Ide play rob theefe, at least part stakes with him.

Skin. Zounds he is yonder alone,

2600

Enter Redcap with a cudgell.

Skinke now reuenge thy selfe on yonder flaue,

Znayles stll preuented? this fame Redcap rogue

Runs

A pleasent Commodity

Runs like hob-goblin vp and downe the heath.

Red. Wh wh wh whose He Hermit, ye ha ha ma ma made
Re Redcap run a fine co co compasse, ha haue you not?

Ski. I made thee run?

Glo. Younders my euill Angell, were redcap gone, Gloster
would coniure him.

Red. Ie Ie Iesu bl bleffe me, whop to to two Hermits? Ile 261.
ca ca caperclaw to to tone of yee, for mo mo mocking me,
and I d d doo not ha ha hang me: wh wh which is the fa fa
false k k k knaue? for I am ff sure the olde He He Hermit wo
would neuer mo mocke an honest man.

Glo. he is the counterfet he mockt thee fellow.
I did not see thee in my life before,
He weares my garments, and has couffoned me,

Red. Haue you co co coufoned the he Hermit and m made
Redcap run to no pu pu purpose?

Ski. No he's counterfet I will tell no lyes, 2620
As sure as Skinke deceiu'd thee of thy clothes,
Sent thee to Kent, gauë thee thy fare by water,
So sure hee's false, and I the perfet Hermit,

Glo. This villaine is a coniurer I doubt,
Were he the deuill yet I would not budge,

Red. Si si firra, you are the co countefeite, O this is the tr tr
true He Hermit, sta sta stand still g good man at that, ile bu
bumbast you yfaith, ile make you g giue the olde m m man
his gowne.

*Offers to strike, Gloster trippes vp his heeles, shifts Skinke 2630
into his place.*

G g gods lid are ye go good at that? ile cu cudgell yee ff for
this tr tr tricke.

Ski. It was not I twas he that cast thee downe,

Red. You li li li lye you ra ra rascall you, I le left ye st stan-
ding he heare.

Ski. Zounds hold you stammerer, or Ile cut your stumps.

Glo. He's for me he's weapon'd, I like that.

Red. O heer's a ro ro rogue in ca ca carnat, help, mu murder
murder.

*Enter Lancaster & Huntsmen at one doore, Leyster & Huntsmen
at another.*

2640

Lan. Lay

called Looke about you.

Lan. Lay holde vpon that theeuish counterfeit,

Ley. Why heares another Hermit Lancaster :

Glo. I am the Hermit sir, that wretched man

Doth many a robberie in my disguise :

Skin. Its he that robs, he flaunders me, he lies.

Lan. Which set on thee ?

Red. Th this fffellow has a fffword and a buckler.

Lan. Search him ; this is theeefe, o heares my purse, 2650

My chaine, my Iewels : oh thou wicked wretch,

How darft thou vnder shew of holines,

Commit such actions of impietie ?

Bind him, Ile haue him made a publicke scorne.

Ski. Lay holde vpon that other hermit.

He is a counterfeit as well as I,

He stole those clothes from me, for I am Skinke,

Search him, I know him not, he is some flaue.

Glo. Thou lyest base varlet.

Re. O g God he has a fword too, S Skink are you ca catcht ? 2660

Lan. Villaine thou shalt with me vnto the Court.

Ley. And this with me, this is the traytor Gloster.

Glo. Thou lyest proud Leyster I am no traytor.

Re. G gloster ? O b braue, now m my father sh shal be f free

Lan. Earle Gloster I am sorry thou art taken.

Glo. I am not taken yet, nor will I yeild

To any heare but noble Lancaster,

Let Skinke be Leysters prisoner Ile be thine.

Ley. Thou shalt be mine.

Glo. First through a crimson fluce, Ile send thy hated soule 2670
to those blacke fiendes

That long haue houered gaping for their parte,

When tyrant life should leaue thy traytor heart.

Come Lancaster keep Skinke ile goe with thee,

Let loose the mad knaue, for I prayse his shiffts,

He shall not starte away, ile be his guide,

And with proude looks outface young Henries pride.

Ley. Looke to them Lancaster vpon thy life.

Red. Well ile r r run and get a p pardon of the K K K King,

Gl Gloster and Skinke ta ta taken ? O b b braue, r r r run re 2680

A pleafant Commodity

Re Red ca cap a and ca ca cary the first n n newes to co co court.

Ley. Lancaster ile helpe to guarde them to the Court.

Lan. Doe as you please.

Glo. Leyster doe not come neare me, for if thou doe, thou shalt buy it dearely.

Ley. Ile haue thy hand for this.

Glo. Not for thy heart.

Ski. Braue Earle, had Skinke knowne thou hadst been the Noble Gloster (whose mad trickes haue made mee loue ²⁶⁹⁰ thee) I would haue dy'd Blacke heath red with the bloud of millions, ere we would haue been taken; but what remedy, we are fast & must answere it like Gentlemen, like Soul-diers, like resolutes.

Gl. I ye are a gallant, come olde Lancaster,
For thy sake will I goe; or else by heauen
Ide fend some dozen of these flaues to hel.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince Richard, Robert Hoode & Lady Faukenbridge. Sc. xvii

La. Your trauile and your comfortable newes,
This Ring, the certaine signe you met with him, ²⁷⁰⁰
Bindes me in duetyous loue vnto your grace:
But on my knees I fall, and humbly craue,
Importune that no more, you nere can haue.

Ric. Nay then ye wrong me Lady Faukenbridge,
Did you not ioyne your faire white hand?
Swore that ye would forswere your husbands bed,
If I could but finde out Gloster?

La. I fweare so? *Ric.* By heauen

Rob. Take heed, its a high oath my Lord.

Ric. What meanst thou Huntington?

Ro. To faue your soule, I doe not loue to haue my friends
She neuer promist that you vrge her with. (forsworne,

Ric. Goe to, prouoke me not.

Rob. I tell you true, twas I in her attyre that promist you,
She was gone vnto the wizard at Blacke heath,
And there had futers more then a good many.

Ric. Was I deluded then?

La. No

called Looke about you.

La. No not deluded, but hindred from desire vnchaift and
O let me woee yee with the tougue of ruth, (rude:
Dewing your Princely hand with pitties teares,
That you would leaue this most vnlawful fute,
If ere we liue till Faukenbridge be dead,
(As God defend his death I should desire)
Then if your highnes daine so base a match,
And holy lawes admit a mariage,
Considering our affinity in bloud,
I will become your Handmayde not your harlot.
That shame shall neuer dwell vpon my brow.

2720

Rob. Ifaith my Lord she's honorably resolu'd,
For shame no more, importune her no more.

2730

Ri. Marian I see thy vertue, and commend it,
I know my error seeking thy dishonor,
But the respectlesse, reasonles commaund
Of my inflamed loue, bids me still try,
And trample vnder foote all pietye.
Yet for I will not feeme too impyous,
Too inconsiderate of thy seeming grieve,
Vouchsafe to be my Mistris: vfe me kindly,
And I protest ile striue with all my power,
That lust himselfe may in his heate deuour.

2740

La. You are my seruant then.

Ric. Thankes facred Mistresse.

Ro. What am I?

La. You are my fellow Robert.

Enter Faukenbridge in his boſe and dublet.

Fau. What Prince Richard? noble Huntington?
Welcome, yfaith welcome, by the morrow Masse
You are come as fitly as my heart can wish:
Prince Iohn this night will be a Reueller,
He hath inuited me and Marian.

2750

Gods mary mother goe along with vs,
Its but hard by, cloſe by, at our towne Tauerne.

Ric. Your Tauerne?

Fau. O I I I tis his owne made match,
Ile make you laugh, ile make you laugh yfaith;

K 2

Come,

A pleasant Commodity,

Come, come, he's ready, O come, come away.

La. But wher's the Princefse?

Fa. He's ready too, Block Bl. my man, must be her waiting
Nay wil ye goe? for gods sake let vs goe. (man,

Ri. Is the iesf so? nay then let vs away. 2760

Rob. O twill allay his heate, make dead his fire.

Fau. Ye bob'd me first, ye first gaue me my hyre,
But come agods name, Prince Iohn stayes for vs. *Exeunt.*

Rob. This is the word, euer at spend-thriftes feastes,
They are guld themselues, and scoft at by their guests. *Exit.*

Enter John.

Sc. xviii

Job. Buffild and scoft, Skinke, Gloster, women, fooles, and
boyes abuse me?

Ile be reueng'd,

Ric. Reueng'd, and why good childe? 2770
Olde Faukenbridge hath had a worser basting.

Fa. I, they haue banded from chase to chase;
I haue been their tennis ball, since I did coort,

Ric. Come Iohn, take hand with vertuous Isabell,
And lets vnto the Court like louing friends,
Our Kingly brothers birth daies feastiuall,
Is foorthwith to be kept, thether we'l hye,
And grace with pompe that great solemnity.

Jo. Whether ye wil, I care not where I goe:
If grieve wil grace it, ile adorne the shew. 2780

Fa. Come Madam, we must thither, we are bound.

La. I am loath to see the Court, Gloster being from thence,
Or kneele to him that gaue vs this offence.

Fa. Body of me peace woman, I prethee peace.

Enter Redcap.

Red. Go go god ye, go god f speed ye,

Job. Whether run you fir knaue?

Red. R r run ye fir knaue? why I r run to my La Lady Fa Faukenbridge, to te te tell her Sk Skinke and Gl Gloster is t taken, and are g g one to the C C Court with L Lord Leyster, 2790 and L Lord la la Lancaster.

Jo. Is Gloster taken? thether will I flye

Vpon wraths wings, not quiet til he dye. *Exit with Princefse*

Ri. Is

called Looke about you.

Rich. Is Gloster taken?

Red. I he is ta taken I wa warrant ye with a wi witnes,

Ric. Then will I to Court, & eyther set him free, or dye the
Follow me Faukenbridge, feare not faire Madam: (death,
You said you had the Porter in your house,
Some of your seruants bring him, on my life
One hayre shal not be taken from his head,
Nor he, nor you, nor Gloster iniured.

2800

Fa. Come Mall, and Richard say the word nere feare.

Ro. Madam, we haue twenty thousand at our call,
The most, young Henry dares, is but to braule.

La. Pray God it prooue so.

(Porter.

Ric. Follow Huntington: sir Rich. doe not faile to fende the

Fa. Blocke, bring the Porter of the Fleete to Court.

Bl. I wil fir.

Red. The p p Porter of the fl fl Fleete to Court? what p p
porter of the fl fl Fleete?

2810

Blo. What Redcap, run redcap, wilt thou see thy father?

Red. My fa father? I that I w wold f see my f father, & there
be a p porter in your ho house, its my f father.

Bl. Follow me Redcap then.

Exit.

Red. And you were two to twenty b Blockes, ide f f follow
ye f so I would, and r run to the co co court too, and k kneele
before the k k King f f for his pa pardon.

Block within. Come away Redcap, run Redcap.

Red. I I I r r run as f f fast as I I ca ca can run I wa warrant
yee.

2820

Enter a *Sinet*, first two *Herraldes*, after them *Leyster* with a sc. xix
Scepter, *Lancaster* with a *Crowne Imperiall* on a cushion: After
them *Henry the elder* bareheaded, bearing a sword and a *Globe*:
after him young *Henry Crowned*: *Elinor* the mother *Queene*
Crowned: young *Queene Crowned*. *Henry the elder* places his
Sonne, the two *Queenes* on eyther hand, himselfe at his feete,
Leyster and *Lancaster* below him.

Hen. Herrald, fetch Lancaster and Leyster Coronets,
Suffer no Marquesse, Earle, nor Countesse enter,

A pleafant Commodity,

Except their temples circled are in golde,

He deliuers Coronets to Leyster and Lancaster.

2830

Shew them our vize-roys: by our will controld

As at a cornation, every Peere

Appeares in all his pompe, so at this feast

Held for our birth-right, let them be adorn'd.

Let Gloster be brought in, crown'd like an Earle,

This day we'll haue no parley of his death,

But talke of Iouisanes and gleefull mirth.

Let Skinke come in, giue him a Baronsfeat,

High is his spirrit, his deserts are greate,

Exit

2840

Kin. You wrong the honour of Nobilitie,
To place a robber in a Barons stead,

Quee. Its well ye tearme him not a murtherer.

Kin. Had I mistearmed him?

Quee. I that had you Henry.

He did a peece of Iustice at my Bidding.

Kin. Who made you a Iustice?

Hen. I that had the power. *Kin.* You had none then.

Enter Gloster and Skinke.

Ley. Yes he was crownd before.

2850

Hen. Why does not Gloster weare a Coronet?

Glo. Because his Soueraigne doth not weare a Crowne.

Hen. By heauen put on thy Coronet, or that heauen

Which now with a clear, lends vs this light,

Shall not be courtain'd with the vaile of night,

Eare on thy head I clap a burning Crowne,

Of red hot Yron that shall feare thy braines.

Ri. Good Gloster Crowne thee with thy Coronet.

Lan. Doo gentle Earle.

Skin. Swounds doo, would I had one.

2860

Qu. Doo not I prethee keepe thy proud heart still.

Glo. Ile weare it but to crosse thy froward will.

Hen. Sit downe and take thy place.

Glo. Its the low earth.

To her I must, from her I had my breath.

Hen. We are pleaf'd thou shalt fit there, Skinke take thy
place among my nobles.

Enter

called Looke about you.

Enter John and Isabell with Coronets.

Ski. Thankes to King Henries grace.

Io. John Earle of Morton and of Notingham,
With Isabell his Countesse, bow themselues
Before their brother Henries Royall Throane.

2870

Hen. Affend your seats liue in our daily loue.

Enter Richard, and Robert with Coronets.

Ric. Richard the Prince of England, with his Ward
The noble Robert Hood, Earle Huntington,
Present their seruice to your Maiestie.

Hen. Y'are welcome too, though little be your loue.

Enter Faukenbridge with his Lady, she a Coronet

Fa. Olde Richard Faukenbridge, Knight of the croffe,
Lord of the Cinque ports, with his noble wife
Dame Marrian Countesse of west Hereford,
Offer their duties at this Royall meeting.

2880

Hen. Sit downe, thou art a newter, she a foe,
Thy loue we doubt, her hart too well we know.
What futors are without, let them come in.

Glo. And haue no Iustice where contempt is King.

Hen. Mad man I giue no care to thy loose words.

Io. O sir y'are welcome, you haue your old seat.

Glo. Though thou sit hier yet my heart's as great.

2890

Que. Great heart wee'll make you lesser by the head.

Glo. Ill comes not euer to the threatned.

Enter Blocke and Redcap.

Hen. What are you two?

Red. M ma mary and't please you I am re re Redcap.

Hen. And what's your mate?

Blo. A poore Porter fir.

Io. The Porter of the fleet that was condemned.

Blo. No truely fir I was Porter laft, when I left

The doore open at the Tauerne.

2900

Io. O ist you fir?

Ley. And what would you two haue?

Red. I co co come to re re qui quier the young K.K King
of his go goo goodnes, since Glo Gloster is t t aken, that he
wo wo would let my fa fa father haue his pa pa pardon.

Hen. Sirra

A pleasant Commodity

Hen. Sirra your father has his pardon sign'd,
Go to the office it shall be deliuered.

Red. And shall he be p p Porter a ga gaine?

Hen. I that he shall, but let him be aduise'd
Heareafter, how lets out prisoners.

2910

Red. I wa warrant ye my Lord.

Hen. What haft thou more to fay?

Red. Marry I wo would haue Skinke pu punisht for co co
Cunnatching me.

Ley, Is that your busines?

Red. I by my t t troth is it.

Hen. Then get away.

Glo. A gainst Skinke (poore knaue)
Thou gets no right this day.

Blo. O but run backe Redcap for the Purseuant.

2920

Red. O l Lord f sir, I haue another fute for the p p Purse-
uant, that has l l lost his b b box, and his wa wa warrant.

Hen. What meanes the fellow?

Red. Why the pu pu Purseuant sir and the po po Porter.

Glo. The box that I had from him, there it is.

Fau. Mary a me, and I was chargd with it.
Had you it brother Gloster? Gods good mercy,

Hen. And what haue you to fay?

Bl. Nothing sir but God bleffe you, you are a goodly com-
pany, except sir William or my Lady wil command me any 2930
more seruice.

Fau. Away you prating knaue, hence varlet, hence. *Exit.*

Ley. Put forth them fellowes there.

Red. A f fo fore I go goe I b b be f f seech you let Sk Skinke
and gl Gloster be lo lo looked too, for they haue p p playd
the k k knaues to to to b b bad.

Hen. Take hence that fluttering fellow, shut them forth.

Red. Nay Ile ru ru run, faith you shall not n n need to b b b
bid him ta ta take m me away, for re re Redcap will r ru run
rarely.

Exit. 2940

Hen. The fundrie misdemeanors late committed,
As thefes and shiffts in other mens disguise,
We now must (knaue Skinke) freely tell thy faults.

Skin. Sweet

called Looke about you.

Skin. Sweet King by these two terrors to myne enemies, that lend light to my bodies darknes: Cauilero Skinke being beleagerd with an hoste of leaden heeles, arm'd in ring Irish: cheated my hammerer of his Red cap and Coate; was surprised, brought to the fleet as a person suspected, past currant, till Gloster stript me from my counterfet, clad my backe in filke and my hart in sorrow, and so left me to the 2950 mercy of my mother witt: how Prince Iohn releast me, he knowes: howe I got Faukenbridges chaine, I know: but how he will get it againe, I know not.

Fau. Where is it firra, tell me where it is?

Glo. I got it from him, and I got Iohns fword,

Job. I would twere to the hilts vp in thy harte.

Ric. O be more charitable brother Iohn.

Ley. My Leidge, you need not by perticulars
Examine what the world knows too plaine,
If you will pardon Skinke, his life is sau'd, 2960
If not, he is conuicted by the Law.

For Gloster: as you worthyly resoul'd,
First take his hand, and afterward his head.

Hen. Skinke thou haft life, our pardon and our loue.

Ski. And your forgiuenesse for my robbery?

Io. Tut neuer trouble me with such a toy.
Thou hindrest me from hearing of my ioye.

Hen. Bring forth a blocke, wine, water and towell,
Kniues, and a Surgeon to binde vp the vaines,
Of Glosters arme: when his right hand is off, 2970
His hand that strooke Skinke at the Parliament:

Sk. I shall beare his blowes to my graue my Lord.

Kin. Sonne Henry see thy fathers palzie hands,
Ioyn'd like two supplyants, pressing to thy throwne?
Looke how the furrowes of his aged cheeke,
Fild with the reuolets of wet eyde mone,
Begs mercy for Earle Gloster? weigh his gilt,
Why for a flauue, should Royall blood be spilt?

Ski. You wrong myne honour: Skink may be reueng'd,

Hen. Father I doe commend your humble course. 2980

A pleafant Commodity

But quite dislike the project of your fute,
Good words in an ill caufe makes the fact worse,
Of blood or Basenes, Iuftice will dispute,
The greater man the greater his transgression,
Where strength wrongs weaknes, it is meare opprefſion,

La. O but King Henry heare a fister speake,
Gloſter was wrong'd, his lands were giuen away,
They are not Iuftly faid, Iuft lawes to break,
That keep their owne right, with what power they may,
Thinke then thy Royall ſelfe began the wrong,
In giuing Skinke what did to him belong.

2990

Quee. Heare me Sonne Henry, while thou art a King,
Giue, take, pryon, thy ſubiects are thy flaues,
Life, need, thrones: proud hearts in dungions fling.
Grace men to day, to morrowe giue them graues.
A King muſt be like Fortune; euer turning,
The world his football, all her glory ſpurning.

Glo. Still your olde counſaile Beldam pollicie,
You'r a fit Tutrefſe in a Monarchy.

3000

Rich. Mother you are vniuft, fauage, too cruell,
Vnlike a woman: gentlenes guides their ſexe,
But you to furyes fire ad more fewell,
The vexed ſpirit, will you delight to vex?
O God when I conſaite what you haue done,
I am a sham'd to be eſtem'd yourfonne.

Jo. Base Richard I diſdaine to call thee brother,
Takeſt thou a traytors part in our diſgrace?
For Gloſter, wilt thou wrong our ſacred mother?
I ſcorne thee and defie thee to thy face.
O that we were in field, then ſhouldſt thou trie,

3010

Rob. How fast Earle Iohn would from Prince Richard flye
Thou meet a Lyon in feed? poore mouse,
All thy Carreers are in a Brothell house.

Job. Zounds boy.

Ric. Now man:

Ley. Richard you wrong Prince Iohn.

Ric. Leyſter tweare Good you proou'd his Champion.

Job. Haſten

called Looke about you.

Jo. Hasten the ex ecution Royall Lord,
Let deeds make answere for their worthlesse wordes.

Glo. I know if I respected hand or head, 3020
I am encompassed with a world of frends,
And could from fury bee deliuered.
But then my freedom hazards many liues.
Henry performe the vtmost of thy hate,
Let thy hard harted mother haue her wil,
Giue Franticke Iohn no longer cause to prate,
I am prepared for the worst of ill,
You fee my knees kisse the could pauements face,
They are not bent to Henry nor his frends,
But to all you whose bloud fled to your hearts, 3030
Shewes your true sorrowe in your ashye cheeke :
To you I bend my knees, you I intreat,
To smile on Glosters Resolution.
Who euer loues me will not shed a teare,
Nor breath a figh, nor shew a cloudy frowne,
Looke Henry, heares my hand, I lay it downe,
And sweare as I haue Knighthood heer't shall lye,
Till thou haue vsed all thy tyranny.

La. Has no man heart to speake ?

Glo. Let all that loue me keepe silence, or by heauen Ile 3040
hate them dying.

Quee. Harry off with his hand, then with his head.

Fau. By the red rood I cannot chuse but weepe.
Come loue or hate my teares I cannot keepe.

Que. When comes this lingring executioner ?

Job. An executioner : an executioner :

Hen. Call none till we haue drunke : father fill wine,
To day your Office is to beare our cupp.

Ric. Ile fill it Henry. *K. kneele downe.*

He. Dick you are too meane, so bow vnto your soueraigne, 3050

Gl. Kneele to his childe ? O hell ! O tortor ! (Gloster learne :
Who would loue life, to see this huge dishonor ?

Hen. Saturne kneel'd to his Sonne, the God was faine
To call young Ioue his ages Soveraigne.

A pleafant Commodity

Take now your seate againe and weare your Crowne ;
Now shineth Henry like the Middayes Sonne,
Through his Horizon, darting all his beames,
Blinding with his bright splendor euery eye,
That stares against his face of Maiesy.

The Commets, whose malicious gleames

3060

Threatned the ruyne of our Royalty,
Stands at our mercy, yet our wrath denyes
All fauour, but extreame extreamityes.

Gloster, haue to thy sorrow, chafe thy arme
That I may see thy bloud (I long'd for oft)
Gush from thy vaines, and staine this Pallace roofe.

To. Twould exceed gilding.

Quee. I as golde doth Oaker.

Glo. Its wel ye count my bloud so precious.

Hen. Leyster reach Gloster wine.

3070

Ley. I reach it him ?

Hen. Proude Earle ile spurne thee, quickly go & beare it

Glo. Ile count it poyson if his hand come neere it.

Hen. Giue it him Leyster vpon our displeasure.

Glo. Thus Gloster takes it, thus againe he flings it,
In scorne of him that sent it, and of him that brought it.

Ski. O braue spirit !

La. Brauely resolu'd brother, I honour thee.

Quee. Harke how his sister ioyes in his abuse ?

Wilt thou indure it Hall ?

3080

Fau. Peace good Marian.

Hen. Auoyde there euery vnder Officer.

Leauue but vs, our Pieres and Ladyes heere.

Richard you loue Earle Gloster : looke about

If you can spye one in this company,

That hath not done as great a finne as Gloster ;

Chuse him, let him be the executioner.

Ric. Thou haft done worse then, like rebellious head,

Haft arm'd ten thousand hands against his life

That lou'd thee so, as thou wert made a King,

3090

Being his childe, now he's thy vnderling.

I haue

called Looke about you.

I haue done worse: thrise I drew my swoord,
In three set battles for thy false defence.
John hath done worse, he still hath tooke thy part,
All of vs three haue smitten our fathers heart;
Which made proude Leyster bolde to strike his face,
To his eternall shame, and our disgrace.

Hen. Silence, I see thou meant to finde none fit.
I am fure, nor Lancaster, nor Huntington,
Nor Faukenbridge, will lay a hand on him. 3100
Mother, wife, brother, lets descend the Throane
Where Henry is the Monarch of the West,
Hath set amongst his Princes dignified.
Father take you the place, see Iustice.

Kin. Its iniust Iustice I must tell thee Sonne.

Hen. Mother holde you the Bafon, you the Towell,
I know your French hearts thirst for English bloud;
Iohn, take the Mallet, I will holde the knife,
And when I bid thee smite, strike for thy life:
Make a marke Surgion, Gloster now prepare thee. 3110

Glo. Tut, I am ready, to thy worst I dare thee.

Hen. Then haue I done my worst, thrise honoured Earle,
I doe imbrace thee in affections armes.

Quee. What meanes thou Henry? O what meanes my Son?

Hen. I meane no longer to be lullaby'd,
In your seditious armes.

Hen. wife. *Mordieu* Henry.

Hen: *Mordieu* nor deuill, little tit of Fraunce,
I know your hart leapes, at our hearts mischaunce,

Jo. Swounds Henry thou art mad: 3120

Hen I haue bin mad; what stampst thou Iohn? knowst thou
not who I am?

Come stamp the deuill out, suckt from thy Dam.

Que. Ile cursse thee Henry.

Hen. You'r best be quiet, least where we finde you, to the
Tower we beare you,

For being abroad, England hath cause to feare yee. .

Kin. I am strucke dombe with wonder.

A pleafant Commodity

Glo. I amaz'd, imagine that I see a vizion.

Hen. Gloster, I giue thee first this Skinke, this flau, 3130
Its in thy power, his life to spill or faue,

Skin. He's a noble gentleman, I doe not doubt his vſage.

Hen. Stand not thus wondring, Princes kneele all downe,
And cast your Coronets before his Crowne.

Downe ifubborne Queene, kneele to your wronged King,
Downe Mammet ; Leyster ile cut of thy legs,
If thou delay thy duety : when proude Iohn ?

Io. Nay if all kneele, of force I must be one.

Fau. Now by my holydom a vertuous deed.

Hen. Father you see your most rebellious sonne, 3140
Stricken with horror of his horred guilt,
Requesting fentence fitting his defart,
O treade vpon his head, that trode your heart.
I doe deliuer vp all dignity,
Crown, Scepter, fwoord vnto your Maiefsty.

Kin. My heart surfets with ioy in hearing this.
And deare Sonne ile bleffe thee with a kiffe.

Hen. I will not rise, I will not leauue this ground,
Till all these voyces ioyned in one found :
Cry, God faue Henry fecond of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes see death with shame. 3150

All. God faue Henry fecond of that name,
Let his friends liue, his foes see death with shame.

Hen. Amen, Amen, Amen.

Job. Harke mother harke ?
My brother is already turned Clarke.

Quee. He is a recreant, I am mad with rage.

Hen. Be angry at your enuy gracious mother,
Learne patience and true humility
Of your worſt tuter'd Sonne, for I am he. 3160
Send hence that Frenchwoman, giue her her dowry,
Let her not speake, to trouble my milde soule,
Which of this world hath taken her laſt leauue :
And by her power, will my proude flesh controule.
Off with these filkes, my garments shall be gray,

My

called Looke about you.

My shirt hard hayre, my bed the ashey dust,
My pillow but a lumpe of hardned clay :
For clay I am, and vnto clay I must,
O I befeech ye let me goe alone,
To liue, where my loose life I may bemone.

3170

Kin. Sonne ?

Quee. Sonne ?

Ric. Brother ?

Io. Brother ?

Hen. Let none call me their Sonne, I am no mans brother,
My kindred is in heauen, I know no other,
Farewell, farewell, the world is yours, pray take it,
Ile leaue vexation, and with ioy forfake it.

Exit.

La. Wondrous conuerſion.

Fau. Admirable good : now by my holydam Mall paffing 3180

Ric. H'ath fir'd my soule I will to Palestine, (good.
And pay my vowes before the Sepulcher,
Among the multitude of misbeliefe.
Ile shew my ſelfe the Souldier of Chrift,
Spend bloud, sweat teares, for ſatisfaction
Of many many finnes which I lament :
And neuer thinke to haue them pardoned,
Till I haue part of Sirria conquered.

Glo. He makes me wonder, and inflames my ſpirits,
With an exceeding zeale to Portingale,
Which Kingdome the vnchristned Sarifons,
The blacke fac'd Africcons, and tawny Moores,
Haue got vniuſtly in poſſeſſion :
Whence I will fire them with the help of heauen.

Ski. Skinke will ſcotrch them braue Gloſter
Make Carbonadoes of their Bacon fletches ;
Deſerue to be counted valiant by his valour,
And Ryuo will he cry, and Caſtile too,
And wonders in the land of Ciuile doo.

Rob. O that I were a man to ſee theſe fightes,
To ſpend my bloud amongst theſe worthy Knights.

Fa. Mary aye me, were I a boy againe,

3200

Ide

A pleasant Commodity

Ide either to Ierusalem or Spaine.

Job. Faith Ile keepe England, mother you and I
Will liue, for all this fight and foolery.

Kin. Peace to vs all, let's all for peace giue prayse,
Vnlookt for peace, vnlookt for happy dayes.

Loue Henries birth day, he hath bin new borne,
I am new crowned, new settled in my feate.

Lets' all to the Chappell, there giue thankes and praise,
Befeeching grace from Heauens eternal Throne,

That England neuer know more Prince then one. *Exeunt*

3210

FJNIS.

